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ANNALS

OF THE

EARLY SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION

OF

CUYAHOGA COUNTY, OHIO



Volume VI

Number IV

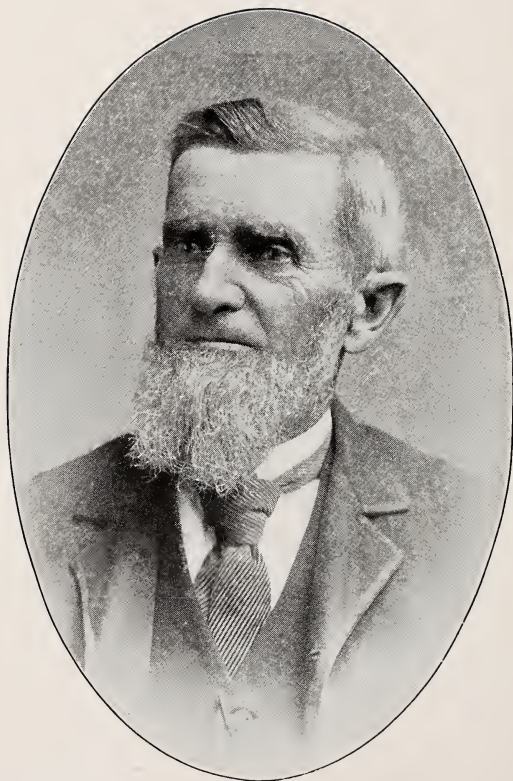
1913

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

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The Forman-Bassett Co.
Cleveland

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REUBEN HALL
HONORARY MEMBER



WILLIAM J. AKERS
HONORARY MEMBER

Announcements

The next annual meeting of the Association takes place on the Anniversary Day of *Perry's Victory*, Thursday, September 10, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m., standard time, at Chamber of Commerce Auditorium.

On the last pages of the *Annals* of 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913 will be found a full record of Cleveland marriages from 1800 to 1830, as taken from County Records.

It costs *one dollar* each year to belong to the Association. This pays for a copy of the *Annals* and a good dinner at the annual meeting.

When a member dies, will some friend or member of the family of the deceased, kindly furnish the President or Secretary material for a biographical sketch to appear in the next *Annals*? If not so furnished, do not find fault if no mention is made. Blanks for this purpose can be procured from the Secretary.

The *Annals* each year may be had at the annual meeting, or on application to the Secretary at his office, 609 Williamson Building. Please remember the payment of dues is necessary to cover expenses of the society, and if names do not appear in the record it is because dues have not been paid.

Members having pictures of old time scenes and places in Northeastern Ohio are requested to confer with the Secretary relative to having the same published in the *Annals*.

Interesting addresses and reminiscences have been given at each *Annual Meeting*. Back numbers for binding, can be secured from the Secretary.

F. M. CHANDLER, Secretary.

Errata

The *Annal* for 1912 is No. III of Vol. VI instead of Vol. VII.

The Early Settlers' Association

OFFICERS

1913-14

President

HON. ALEXANDER HADDEN

Vice Presidents

HON. W. J. AKERS
W. S. KERRUISH, ESQ.

Secretary

F. M. CHANDLER
609-610 Williamson Building

Treasurer

THOS. J. McMANUS
117 St. Clair Avenue N. E.

Chaplain

REV. J. D. WILLIAMSON, D. D.

Executive Committee

CHARLES F. BRUSH
C. O. BARTLETT
VIRGIL C. TAYLOR
T. SPENCER KNIGHT
THOMAS H. GEER
L. DUDLEY DODGE
MRS. ANTOINETTE B. COE
MRS. MARY A. DEWEESE

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

From 1880 to 1914

PRESIDENTS

HON. HARVEY RICE.....	1880-1891.....	12 years
HON. R. C. PARSONS.....	1892-1896.....	5 years
HON. E. T. HAMILTON.....	1897-1902.....	6 years
HON. O. J. HODGE.....	1903-1911.....	8 years
HON. ALEXANDER HADDEN.....	1912-.....	

VICE PRESIDENTS

HON. JOHN W. ALLEN.....	1880-1885.....	6 years
HON. JESSE P. BISHOP.....	1880-1881.....	2 years
MRS. J. A. HARRIS.....	1882-1892.....	11 years
HON. JOHN C. HUTCHINS.....	1886-1891.....	6 years
HON. JOHN H. SARGENT.....	1892-1893.....	2 years
MR. G. F. MARSHALL.....	1894-1902.....	9 years
MR. BOLIVAR BUTTS.....	1903-1904.....	1 year
CAPT. PERCY W. RICE.....	1903-1910.....	7 years
MR. W. S. KERRUISH.....	1904-.....	
HON. H. B. CHAPMAN.....	1910-1912.....	2 years
HON. WM. J. AKERS.....	1913-.....	

TREASURERS

MR. GEO. C. DODGE.....	1880-1882.....	3 years
MR. SOLON BURGESS.....	1883-1896.....	14 years
MR. WILSON S. DODGE.....	1897-1910.....	13 years
MR. L. DUDLEY DODGE.....	1911-.....	1 year
MR. FRANK M. CHANDLER.....	1912-1913.....	2 years
MR. THOS. J. McMANUS.....	1914-.....	

SECRETARIES

MR. THOMAS JONES, JR.....	1880-1890.....	11 years
MR. H. C. HAWKINS.....	1891-1903.....	13 years
MR. WOODWARD AWL.....	1904-1906.....	3 years
MR. L. DUDLEY DODGE.....	1907-.....	1 year
MR. L. F. MELLEN.....	1908-1913.....	5 years
MR. F M. CHANDLER.....	1914-.....	

CHAPLAINS

REV. THOMAS CORLETT.....	1884-1889.....	6 years
REV. ALBERT R. PUTNAM.....	1890-.....	1 year
REV. LEWIS BURTON.....	1891-1894.....	4 years
REV. LATHROP COOLEY.....	1895-1896.....	2 years
REV. J. D. JONES.....	1897-1911.....	14 years
REV. J. D. WILLIAMSON, D. D.....	1912-.....	

The Early Settlers' Association

ANNUAL MEETING

September 10, 1913.

The annual meeting of the Early Settlers' Association of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, was held at the Chamber of Commerce Auditorium, in Cleveland, Ohio, Wednesday, September 10, 1913.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Hon. Alexander Hadden. Prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Rev. J. D. Williamson, D. D.

"Old Time Music" was furnished by Johnston's Orchestra.

The President: As you are all aware, during the year we lost our Secretary, Mr. L. F. Mellen. The Executive Committee took the responsibility of asking Mr. Chandler to act as Secretary during the remainder of the year, and he will now read the report of the Secretary of the Society.

SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT

This is the thirty-third annual meeting of the Early Settlers' Association and commemorates the one-hundredth anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie.

There were 494 names on the list of members for 1911. Of this number 21 died, 6 resigned and 71 were dropped for non-payment of dues, leaving 454 on the roll at the date of the 1912 meeting. Fifty-eight new members joined the association in 1912.

The following named members died during 1911 and 1912, whose deaths were not reported to the Secretary prior to the date of the last meeting:

Phillip Alleman.....	Age 78
Sarah G. Baker.....	" 73
Pierson D. Briggs.....	" 80
✓ George L. Case.....	" 70
Mary Frances Claflin.....	" 67
Charles G. Hickox.....	" 66
Mrs. George J. Johnson.....	" 62
F. A. Judson.....	" 82
John Palmer.....	" 92
George L. Quayle.....	" 70
✓ George A. Schlatterbeck.....	" 83
Jacob Stern.....	" 68
Elizabeth Stillman.....	" 90
Abraham Teachout.....	" 95
Robert D. Lowe.....	" 85
Francis H. Wagar.....	" 84

Fifteen members have died since the last meeting. Their names and ages being as follows:

Mrs. Elizabeth Brack.....	Age 90
John H. Burton.....	" 70
William H. Caine.....	" 76
Cornelius A. Fish.....	" 69
Samuel S. Gardner.....	" 73
✓ Liberty Emery Holden.....	" 80
✓ Conrad L. Hotze.....	" 74
William Humiston.....	" 78
Mrs. Mary S. Judkins.....	" 97
Mrs. S. L. B. McCrosky.....	" 80
✓ Lucius F. Mellen.....	" 82
Capt. Israel E. Myrick.....	" 81
Miss Mary Saxton.....	" 85
William T. Seller.....	" 86
Norman O. Stone.....	" 69

The average age of those deceased being 79 years. Mr. Lucius F. Mellen, who honored this Association by serving as its Secretary since 1908, died January 30th, 1913. His last work in its behalf was the compilation and supervision of the printing of the current number of the Annals (No. III, Vol. VI), which came from the press but a few days before his death. ✓

A meeting of the Executive Committee was held on January 30th, 1913, at which the following memorial and resolution was adopted:

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of The Early Settlers' Association held at the President's room in the Society for Savings on January 30th, 1913, the following memorial and resolution on the death of Mr. L. F. Mellen, Secretary of the Association, was unanimously adopted:

"The Early Settlers' Association of Cuyahoga County has learned with great sorrow of the death of its Secretary, Mr. L. F. Mellen, who entered into rest January 30, 1913. He had lived a long and highly useful life. He was deeply interested in everything pertaining to the moral, religious and civic betterment of his fellow citizens, and was closely identified with our most effective philanthropic activities. He was ever ready to give of his time, his wise counsel, and his heartfelt sympathy to every worthy cause.

His interest in the Early Settlers' Association was very great. Through his long residence in Cleveland he was familiar with every phase of the development of the city and always seeking, both by example and effort, to foster a high type of citizenship. He revered the memory of those early settlers who had to do with the beginnings of this city and who gave tone and character to its life, and it was his high ambition to keep the city of today true to its heritage. His circle of acquaintances, among citizens of every class, was very wide and all counted him as a personal friend.

The Early Settlers' Association unites with the many organizations with which he was affiliated in recognition of his most useful life, and in loving regard for his memory.

Resolved, That as a further mark of esteem to the memory of Secretary Mellen that the office of Secretary be not filled until

the next annual meeting of The Early Settlers' Association, and that the President be authorized to designate some suitable person as acting secretary until such meeting."

Pursuant to said resolution, the President appointed Mr. F. M. Chandler as Acting Secretary.

At the last annual meeting, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Hon. Alexander Hadden. ✓

Vice Presidents—W. S. Kerruish, Esq. ✓

Hon. William J. Akers ✓

Secretary—Lucius F. Mellen. ✓

Treasurer—F. M. Chandler, Esq. ✓

Chaplain—Rev. Jas. D. Williamson, D. D.

The President appointed the following:

Executive Committee—Dr. E. D. Burton, Liberty E. Holden, ✓
Wm. J. Akers, T. Spencer Knight, Thomas H. Geer, L. Dudley Dodge, Mrs. S. L. B. McCrosky, Mrs. Mary A. Deweese and the officers.

The Annals of the Association are more in demand as the years go by. The addresses and articles of historical interest published therein, furnish a fund of information to persons and institutions far removed from the bounds of the Western Reserve.

The mailing list includes many of the largest libraries in the country and recently, the Kiel University of Kiel, Germany, has asked to be included therein.

One of the most interesting, yet most neglected features of the Annals, is the Biographical sketches of deceased members. The Secretary has been seriously handicapped in this work by the lack of accurate data from which to prepare creditable articles, being for the most part dependent on the meagre details appearing in the newspapers.

An attempt has been made this year to encourage the members to prepare and file with the Secretary the desired information on this subject, so that the files of the Association will con-

tain reliable material from which such sketches can be compiled when occasion requires.

Another interesting feature of the Annals is the publication of early marriages in Cuyahoga County. The compilation of these records has been made by Mrs. Virginia S. Hodge, was commenced in 1907, and has continued down to the current number (1912). It has entailed a great amount of labor, which Mrs. Hodge has cheerfully performed because of her love for the Association. She has recently taken up her permanent residence in Columbus, Ohio, but it is hoped that during her periodic visits to Cleveland, she will be able to continue this valuable and interesting work to the end of this volume at least.

It is unnecessary to remind the membership that the continued success of the Association depends on the acquisition of new members to take the places of those who, for various causes, drop out and all are urged to secure at least one new member before our next meeting.

F. M. CHANDLER, Acting Secretary.

The Secretary's report was received and ordered printed in the Annal.

TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT

The Treasurer read his report as follows :

Thirty-third Annual Meeting of the Early Settlers' Association,
September 10th, 1913.

RECEIPTS

1912

Sept. 10	Balance on hand.....	\$263.69
" "	Received dues and for guest tickets.....	192.50
" "	Received sale of Annals.....	.50
Oct. 1	Received from Hough Bank & Trust Co., Int. on deposit.....	5.19
Nov. 22	Received prepaid postage on Annals.....	.05

1913

April 1	Received from Hough Bank & Trust Co., Int. on deposit.....	5.43
" 3	Received from sale of Annals.....	2.00
Sept. 9	Received from new members since 1912 meeting.	19.00
" "	Received from dues collected since 1912 meeting.	200.00
" "	Received from advance payment of 1913 dues	41.00
" "	Received from advance payment for guest tickets (1913)	1.00

\$730.36

DISBURSEMENTS

1912

Sept. 11	Paid Johnston's Orchestra.....	\$22.00
" "	Paid Chamber of Commerce Club 237 lunches	118.50
" "	Paid J. T. Brophy, cartage.....	1.50
" "	Paid C. W. Lapp, printing banners.....	1.00
" "	Paid Mount & Co., printing programs.....	4.75
" 12	Paid Chamber of Commerce, rent.....	30.00
" "	Paid Eclipse Elec. & Eng. Co., half tones....	2.75
" "	Paid M. Kaber & Son, printing circulars....	3.50

Oct.	4	Paid Higbee Co., flags.....	14.40
"	15	Paid Waite Auto Livery, auto for band....	6.00
"	28	Paid S. N. Pentecost, wreath for Perry monu- ment.	5.00
Nov.	12	Paid Richardson & Pomerene, stenographic work.	17.20
"	"	Paid postage on bills.....	5.28
"	14	Paid Manila envelopes for Secretary.....	.25
"	22	Paid Mount & Co., envelopes.....	2.50
1913			
Jan.	4	Paid Eclipse Elec. & Eng Co., engravings....	11.55
"	18	Paid L. F. Mellen, Secretary, postage on An- nals.	1.00
"	18	Paid postage on bills for dues.....	3.80
"	27	Paid Forman-Bassett Co., printing Annals...	180.00
Mar.	2	Paid C. B. Wilhelmy, flowers for Mr. Mellen's funeral.	5.00
Aug.	23	Paid postage stamps.....	5.00
"	29	Paid postage stamps.....	2.00
Sept.	3	Paid National Adv. Co., card index of mem- bers.	3.75
"	6	Paid Eclipse Elec. & Eng. Co., half tone....	3.25
"	8	Paid postal cards.....	.30
"	9	Balance on deposit in Hough Bank & Trust Co.	280.08
			<hr/>
			\$730.36

Vouchers for the principal items disbursed are submitted herewith. The unpaid dues for 1911 and 1912 amount to \$37.00.

Respectfully submitted,

F. M. CHANDLER, Treasurer.

The President appointed L. D. Dodge, W. R. Coates and Capt. William A. Howe to act as Auditing Committee.

The President appointed Dr. E. D. Burton, Andrew A. Butler and John M. Ackley, as a committee on nomination of officers.

The President: This morning on the bank of Lake Erie, in Gordon Park, a committee of ladies of this Association placed a wreath on the statue of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry. A few minutes before our meeting was called to order a committee of our seniors, headed by Robert Carran, raised the flag in the Public Square, just one hundred years after Perry set sail to fight the Battle of Lake Erie. Now, these things were not done because it was one hundred years ago that the battle was fought and the victory was won. This Association does these things every year; they have done it so regularly and so often that it is a habit; it is a custom which we all hope will never be dishonored by its breach, and we rejoice with exceeding great joy that this Association is not the only one this year that is taking notice of what happened one hundred years ago today. Our great city is filled with a movement which will materialize in the first four days of the coming week—not only the city, but the Western Reserve; not only the Western Reserve, but every city of any consequence around the lakes, with a possible single exception. We rejoice in it because we hope that those who have come among us, attracted by the opportunity of material welfare will have borne in upon them that material welfare depends primarily and fundamentally upon our free institutions, and that patriotic sentiment is well, so far as it goes, but it must be founded upon patriotic principles.

We are looking back today a hundred years. We have delegated this time to compare then with now, and I congratulate you that we have some one to make that address who can make it strikingly, brilliantly and eloquently. I take great pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. J. J. Sullivan, who will now address you on the subject of One Hundred Years Ago.

MR. SULLIVAN'S ADDRESS

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am very glad for this opportunity to address you for a few moments upon what appeals to me, on the subject of "One Hundred Years Ago." And yet as every man and woman who has seen anything of the years of life know, it is only like yesterday—one hundred years ago—yesterday afternoon—for as we read the history of men and events, no matter how long ago they lived or transpired, every thinking man comes to the strange conclusion that we have always been as we are now; that men and women have always been the same. We read that great poem about men's weaknesses in the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, and we come to the conclusion that six hundred years ago men and women had the same weaknesses, the same thoughts, the same aspirations that we have today, and time has really wrought no substantial changes in the life and ambitions of the human family.

So that it seems to me that we can see the battle of Lake Erie as if we were out on a vessel on yesterday afternoon witnessing it. The battle of Lake Erie is just like the history of a human life. The history of Commodore Perry is just exactly like the history of almost any other man, and his history in the Navy is substantially the same as any other naval officer who has achieved distinction. So that one hundred years ago doesn't appear to me like it used to when I was a little fellow, because I am fifty-two years old now, and it seems to me that I was born but yesterday. I cannot look in the glass at the present time, and I don't think you can, and see faces as they were when you were boys and girls. I can never see myself in any other form except as it is now, bald headed and gray, fifty-two years of age. I cannot remember seeing the face of the little boy with the heavy head of black hair in the mirror. That is because youth is the soul within us, and the soul never dies. No mother can ever forget the baby face as she first saw it. That is because youth does not die within her.

So it seems to me that I can see the courier that carried the

news to the world one hundred years ago of the battle of Lake Erie. He was on horse back. Cleveland wasn't thought of, because Moses Cleaveland hadn't thought of it yet. You had no newspapers. Down here in Warren, Ohio, where Mr. Williamson used to preach—I don't know that for an absolute certainty, because while I lived there I only went to hear Mr Williamson about once a year, because I went to the Methodist Church; I was going with a young lady that was a Methodist, and I really had to go to the Methodist Church—but down there in our old town of Warren, one hundred years ago, is the paper that first published to the world the victory of Perry on Lake Erie, which is now the Warren Chronicle, established in 1812, still running, whose editor Mr. Williamson and many of you well know. Just think of that—before the birth of the great city that you and I are now living in, Warren—old Warren—had the only paper west of Pittsburgh that could publish the news of the famous victory on Lake Erie. And let your mind run forward one single instant and think of now, in comparison with then—the wireless would have flashed it in whispers through the air, over land, over mountains, over seas, to the entire world, and before the blood of the patriots was swept from the deck of the Lawrence the old world would have been proclaiming the victory of American patriotism over the British nation. So that in one single glance you can see that gigantic leap of history from the courier carrying the news from Sandusky down through Warren on to Pittsburgh, on to Washington; and thirty days after the British struck their guns in their dismantled order upon Lake Erie's bosom, Washington had the news of the brilliant achievement of Perry on the lake. And do you know, I sometimes think that the reason he won—the reason that all win occasionally—is because we believe. Perry believed. And what inspiration can we gather from his life when we look at it for a moment; at the crucial time of his young life, discouragement flashed itself in gloomy colors before his face. As a lieutenant, you remember he was given command of the Revenge, but it was wrecked; he was put in command of a ship that was wrecked, and discouraged, a young man of twenty-eight, he came from Newport, Rhode Island, off the high seas where he had been with

his father, undoubtedly with a gloomy future in front of him—is sent to the lakes and over at Sackett Harbor on Lake Ontario in New York State; he leads a discouraged time and finally he is sent to Lake Erie under Commodore Chauncey who has command of the fleet. And now, mind you, on Lake Erie that young man goes to Fort Presque Isle, now Erie; the British fleet, under command of Captain Barclay and one army officer, sails Lake Erie at will, with perfect freedom and flaunting the flag of the enemy at every port of that great body of water. So serene, peaceable and at rest were the British that they held banquets and dinners on shipboard. But this young man, full of the fire of that patriotism which Judge Hadden spoke of, believing in the god of battle, believing in his future, notwithstanding his discouragements, gets together the embattled farmers from all over the country, and at Presque Isle in the morning they cut down trees for timber for new ships, and before night that timber, not waiting until it dried, was the body of one of the vessels that went out to battle on the 10th, and he starts out, and, oh, how much like human life—on the 8th and 9th of September, just as he was about to take his departure from the port and attack the British fleet, the waters of Lake Erie sank and threw his entire fleet upon a sandbar, and then, as it often happened before, as it happened at the ball in Brussels, Belgium, with the fleet of the enemy blockading the fleet, Perry on the sandbar, the Commander goes over to the Ontario side to a banquet, and Perry, like every man who has won, strikes at the moment of the enemy's weakness—then it seems the god of battles raised the waters of the lake, and instead of the fleet of Perry being on a sandbar, the fleet puts out to sea, while Commodore Barclay is at a banquet on the Canadian side. Oh, what a lesson there is today for every man and woman to be alert, quick to take advantage, the moral advantage of the enemy, whether it be Satan or whatever it is, while the enemy is asleep. The waters rise, the commodore banquets and the fleet of God, in the hands of Perry puts out to sea. They meet on the waters a hundred years ago, almost to this hour, and they clash; the Niagara goes forward, and oh, how much Perry must have thought of pure, honest sentiment. How much he must

have known about human nature that loves a motto, that loves an inspiration, that has a heart for the romance of things. He takes a blue banner and he wraps it around himself and he has "Don't give up the ship" printed upon it in letters one foot long—the words of Lawrence who went down a short time before on the seas on the Chesapeake when he went out to meet the enemy unprepared, and notwithstanding the bravery of Lawrence, notwithstanding his experience, notwithstanding his seamanship, the brave man lost, but as he was dying he said, "Don't strike, boys, don't give up the ship." And the slogan of the battle for Perry in his death grasp with Barclay on Lake Erie, was the inspiration that came from the lips of the brave Lawrence to his men as he was dying upon the deck of his own vessel. So that those letters on that blue banner, "Don't give up the ship," were the crying words that had gone before, that came from the lips of a brave man, and that inspiration was in command of the battle and brought forth victory.

This battle of Lake Erie appeals to me more as it affects the lives and the history of each one of us. The Niagara goes forward to meet the enemy; the wind goes down, and every ship halts on the sleepy sea. The Niagara, for some reason or other, whether it is the patriotism of Perry, or what, goes forward alone—and, oh, what a man can do alone! Do you know why they call it Perry's victory? It is because Perry stamped his individuality, his personality, his soul in the battle and inspired every man and every officer under him with the power of a human personality; and personality is nothing but force, nothing but industry, nothing but soul, nothing but acts; that is what personality is; it isn't always the flashing eye, the flushed cheek, the commanding voice; it is the confident face pointed towards the struggle of the hour without a tremor, and he had that like men and women that you know have it, alone; and every vessel of the enemy's fleet pointed their fifty-five guns at that one spot, and soon it was shattered and soon the vessel's decks were rippling with blood, and out of 103 men that were able-bodied on that one ship at the start, only twenty-three of them were able to fight or obey command. When Perry saw the Niagara coming

on he went down into his boat, pulled down his blue banner with the motto, "Don't give up the ship," wrapped it around him, went down into the yawl and across alone with his few men to the Niagara and left the burning Lawrence deck with the blood of the patriots, to do or to die, by herself. Then the wind came up and the rest of the fleet with Capt. Elliott of the Niagara follows in a straight line; and why does Elliott come on? No order has been given by Perry to countermand the other order that was given for the rest of the fleet to remain away in single file, but without orders Capt. Elliott, as soon as God himself gave the signal by stirring up the breezes, without any order from Perry, his fleet comes on, showing that in the history of every human life, alone, without a commander, it is necessary for every man and woman to give orders to himself and herself. There is such a thing as obeying orders—there are such dilemmas, such emergencies in this world where no orders can be given, but the human soul must act—so Capt. Elliott acted, and how often has it been attributed to the jealousy of Capt. Elliott, who seeing the Lawrence apparently go down, came in to take the glory of the coming conquest and victory, but God himself, with his breezes, nailed that slander to the mast long, long ago, and Capt. Elliott has gone down into history as a brave and honest man. And how wonderful that the personality of the man on the lone ship, the Lawrence, withstood the fire from all those other ships, he was the only officer untouched by shot and shell, and when he went into that row boat, that row boat that has been the subject of one of the most magnificent paintings that has ever inspired the eye, he stood up there alone, unscathed—his companions shot; the blood was in the boat, and he refused to sit down until his comrades told him that they would row no longer unless he bent his heroic form. He knew the inspiration of the sight of a brave man before his fellows, whether he was a brave man at the merchant's counter, a brave man at the judge's bench, a brave man in the lawyer's office, a brave man in the pulpit—every man who is successful must know as Perry did, that a brave human being is an inspiring and sublime spectacle before his fellows; that is why Perry stood up there, he wanted all the influence that radi-

ated from a human being. He attacked them when the good easy fellow, Barclay, foolish at the first sight of victory, flushed at the first smell of conquest, lies on his oars with his lines disordered; and how much like a human being to forget that the battle is never won until the enemy's flag comes down. How much like human life—to be lulled at false, but apparent victory. Perry noticing that, sails into their disordered lines pellmell; they have no rules, no regulations, no program to fight the enemy, and he goes in between them and he goes in alone, and in their confusion they failed to turn their unengaged guns upon him, and in less than fifteen minutes up goes the flag of surrender. Then comes another beautiful, inspiring sentiment from the heart of Perry; he says, "No, I will not meet you on the now victorious Niagara, you must go back to my old ship lying yonder, that first met your brave attack so bravely," because a commander almost thinks his ship is a human being, and back to the old Lawrence, back to where he wrapped the blue banner about his form with Lawrence's dying words, "Don't give up the ship." He goes to her as if it was his sweetheart, aye his mother, and upon her decks he received from the British Empire the freedom and world power of the United States of America. (Applause.)

If Barclay had won we all know what his program was. Like Morgan in the late rebellion undertook to come into the sacred precincts of brave Ohio, he would have come down through the Ohio Valley, down through the Mississippi Valley, and have planted the homes of the British, hedging in from the balance of the United States as it then was, all the great Northwest, all the West and all South, Perry won the American Empire.

On the contrary, as Victor Hugo said about the battle of Waterloo in *Les Misérables*: "Whose victory was it? Was it Wellington's victory? No. Was it Blucher's victory? No. Was it Napoleon's victory? No. It was God's victory." So it went as it did, and instead of Barclay sweeping the Ohio Valley, Harrison, the hero of the Tippecanoe, marches into Canada and he meets Tecumseh, the most eloquent, bravest Indian probably that ever lived, and in his alliance with the British the hero of

Tippecanoe at the battle of the Thames, put them all to rout. So that once more the United States was in charge of her God-given possessions and became the heavenly agent of the human race for the future on this continent.

So all praise to Perry in the most romantic, picturesque battle ever on the sea. I honor him today for his humanity; I honor him today because like all other men, he climbed over obstacles; he won battles with himself, and therefore he has won the battle for you and me and for the posterity that will come after us all. I thank you. (Applause.)

The Auditing Committee made the following report:

The Auditing Committee, consisting of L. D. Dodge, William A. Howe and W. R. Coates reported that they have examined the Treasurer's report and find it correct. On motion the report was approved.

The Nominating Committee made the following report:

For President, Hon. Alexander Hadden.

Vice-Presidents, W. J. Akers and W. S. Kerruish.

Secretary, F. M. Chandler.

Treasurer, Thomas J. McMannus.

Chaplain, Rev. J. D. Williamson, D. D.

Honorary members, Hon. William J. Akers and Reuben Hall.

The report was unanimously adopted.

The President appointed an Executive Committee for the ensuing year as follows: Charles F. Brush, C. O. Bartlett, Virgil C. Taylor, T. Spencer Knight, Thomas H. Geer, L. Dudley Dodge, Mrs. Antoinette B. Coe and Mrs. Mary A. Deweese.

The President: We come from a good many walks in life. Some of us for thirty or forty years have been obliged to do the same thing over and over again. We have done it so many times and have had to do it so continuously, that that is about all we know. Once in a while we find somebody who has done a good many things, and we naturally turn to that person for ad-

vice and admonition and entertainment. We have with us to-day a man who was once a cooper; then he was a prosecutor of criminals; then he was a Congressman for six years, and then he practiced law a great many years, and now he is a judge of the court of Common pleas. He has seen a good deal of life. He has not been assigned any subject; he is allowed to talk about anything or everything that he can think of, and I take great pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. Martin A. Foran. (Applause.)

JUDGE FORAN'S ADDRESS

Mr. Foran spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is easy to talk upon a subject. It is very difficult to talk about nothing. I was assigned no subject, and therefore prepared no talk. I am expected, I suppose, to say a few words upon anything that may come to my mind. The subject last spoken of, One Hundred Years, has suggested to my mind a few observations. Of course, I cannot look back one hundred years, but I do very distinctly remember fifty years ago. I was some eight or nine years of age at that time. We learn a great deal of progress and conditions by contrast, and by contrasting the condition of things then with the condition of things now, we may arrive at some conclusions as to the tremendous progress made in the arts and in the sciences and in inventions in this country.

My first impressions when I was a boy were of spinning wheels—an old spinning wheel in the house and my mother making woolen yarn which was afterwards woven upon a hand loom. There was also in the house another wheel upon which flax was spun, and that was woven into cloth in the house. I remember seeing and finding up in the old garret of the house one day a very peculiar piece of iron; I didn't know what it meant, but I was told by my grandfather, that it was a sort of an appliance for making a fire; it had a spring on it and you had some punk and you struck it and you got a spark. It was not used at that time,

however; the neighbors around there carried fire when they unfortunately let their fire go out at night, or didn't find it in the morning, they went over to a neighbor's house and carried some fire over in a tin pan or shovel or anything of that kind; that was the way we got fire; we didn't have any matches in those days. We couldn't cut grain on the fallows that had been cleared the previous year or spring; we had to use a sickle; grass and hay was cut with a scythe; the mowing machine hadn't come into use at that time; the reaping machine was unheard of at that time. It wasn't even sleeping in the brain of its inventor, because the inventor was, perhaps a mere boy at the time. There were no railroads then. We lived some sixteen miles from the town of Binghamton, a little town, now a city; become famous or rather infamous by a terrible fire that occurred there a few weeks ago. It is located upon the confluence of the Susquehanna and the Shenango Rivers, down in the Valley. Susquehanna county, where I was born, was peopled largely by New England people. They were the pioneers coming along going westward when the tide of empire began to roll that way.

I was at Hallstead in 1887; they were celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of that county in that year; at Hallstead was the place where Gen. Sullivan—I don't know whether he was one of the progenitors of my friend here or not—but you remember Gen. Sullivan organized an army up at the head waters of the Susquehanna in New York State and floated rafts down the Susquehanna River, and one night he stopped at Hallstead, and there is where the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of that county was had. Those were the old pioneer days. I remember another thing that I found in the garret, it was a very peculiar thing to me; it was made of tin; looked like a rail fence, though not quite so long; the tin was circular, about an inch in diameter, but it had sort of convolutions and turns in it, and by inquiry I learned that it was a part of an old still with which they made applejack, as they called it, and other sorts of liquors in those days. The old farm house had been built by a New England family and purchased by my grandfather when he came there in about 1828 or 1830.

Now, contrasting the condition of things at that time, when roads or paths through the wilderness were made by cutting marks on trees, barking the trees, as we called it, when everything was in a primitive condition, the pioneer was in his element; he was the man who went out with his wife and his little family and was the forerunner of the civilization we now behold, and the wife at that time was as much a pioneer as the man; she carried a gun and was able to shoot; she had to protect the family, and did protect the family when the husband was out working in the wilderness.

Looking back now to that time, and contrasting it with the condition of things today, it does seem to me that the United States is under the supervision of some great controlling Deity, call it Almighty God, or call it what you will. The power of Aladdin's Lamp, celebrated in the old Persian tales is nothing compared to the progress made by the United States in one hundred years. We have seen the application of steam to power, the steamboat and the railroad; there were none of those things in my day, looking back fifty years. We had an old neighbor named Falsey who was in the war of 1812, and he went to New York, some three hundred miles away, every year on foot to get his pension—didn't even go on horseback. I know that my grandfather went to Scranton, sixty odd miles away, on horseback, twice to get his naturalization papers. They were patriots in those days. But now we not only have the steamboat and the steam railroad—we have other wonderful inventions; we have the sewing machine, the loom, the spinning loom; you have electricity harnessed—harnessed the very elements of nature, and you are sending the human voice along the pulsing wire a thousand miles away; you not only have the telephone, but you have the wireless telegraph and wireless telephone, or whatever you may term it. The inventions and the progress made by the people during the last fifty years, not to talk of one hundred years, are not only marvelous, they are miraculous. And we find all over this great Western country which fifty years ago, perhaps had but very few people, a veritable garden blossoming like the rose.

We had the great war during that time. I happened to serve

a humble part in that memorable struggle, when our institutions and our liberties were at stake, because in 1776 when the Declaration of Independence was being prepared in Philadelphia, selfishness prevailed; in other words, they failed to adopt the proposition of Thomas Jefferson that slavery should be abolished, or at least condemned, and the law of Nemesis came in afterwards and we spent millions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives to wipe out and undo the evil that might have been corrected in 1776. But the number of men that sprung up and went into that war from both sides is almost incomprehensible now. But looking at all these things, viewing them all, seeing the railroads that cobweb and span this continent, seeing the mighty iron bridges that go over our rivers, seeing the great iron and steel vessels that are plying our seas and our lakes, seeing the tunnels that are going through our mountains, and our wonderful buildings and sky scrapers, we are driven to the conclusion that this country has had a marvelous growth, and that we are only on the beginning of that growth; where it will end I would like to know and would like to conjecture. Sometimes I think I would like to re-visit the world one hundred years from now and see what was going on upon this continent. It is the home of the brave and the home of the free, and there is no greater heritage for any man, no greater boon for any man, no matter who he is or where he is, than to be able to say with Daniel Webster, "I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American." I would rather be an American citizen under the Stars and Stripes, under Old Glory, than be the President or the King of any nation in Europe. And I haven't any doubt that there isn't a man in this audience that doesn't feel the same way.

Now, these are simply observations that come to me. I am glad to be here today. I believe in this Association, because it makes real history. Ancient history was a narrative of battles and heroism of men, wonderful deeds performed; that isn't history. History is the every day common life of the individual people who compose society—what they do, what they eat, what they wear, the houses in which they live, their modes of transportation from one point to another, their manners and their

morals and their religion—these are the things that constitute and make history. And this Association is making history; it is recording the history of this great Western Reserve, and I hope and trust it will continue as it has done, to make history, and the records of these meetings every year will be kept and preserved.

I do not intend to say anything about the day we are now celebrating. The only reflection that comes to my mind or observation with respect to that is this, that it typifies the indomitable perseverance and indomitable intelligence of the American people. To think, as Mr. Sullivan has said, that a young man should go into the city that is now known as Erie without a vessel, without a gun, in fact, without powder, without ball, all of which had to be transported from Philadelphia or Boston or New York, four or five hundred miles away over the worst kind of roads, drawn by ox teams and all that kind of thing, and that out of absolutely nothing he should have created a fleet in three or four months, and that that fleet destroyed the power of Great Britain upon this lake and upon the great Northwest, is a marvelous thing to contemplate—not only the heroism of those men who fought with him, not only the bravery of those men, not only the bravery of Perry himself, but the lesson that it teaches of perseverance and persistence and courage, to overcome obstacles of every kind, to create a fleet and then with that fleet to go out and destroy the enemies—we indeed ought to be proud that we are here today to commemorate such great men and the memory of great deeds—proud indeed to say that we are Americans. (Applause.)

Mr. W. R. Coates read the following poem :

THE FINAL RALLY

By W. R. Coates.

The enthusiasm among the pioneers of the Western Reserve for General Harrison, in the campaign of 1840, was nowhere more marked than in Brecksville.

This sketch embodies a true incident of that campaign.

The actual perpetrator of the deed resulting in the fiasco described was John Breck, a son of Col. John Breck, after whom the town was named.

It may have been by way of atonement, but John became a staunch Whig from that time on:

Town news got dull in harvest time,
Most all the regular things were closed,
But, still serene, in numbers full,
We loafers by the counter dozed.

So back in eighteen forty's time
Sim Joynton turned the evenin' talk
To when, in Presidential year,
A campaign took a sudden balk.

Brecksville was strong for Harrison,
Van's followers were few but set,
Watching the Tip and Tyler band
With vigils we remember yet.

A final rally had been planned
To sweep the opposition in
And leave Van Buren's following
Too dead, presumably, to skin.

Brecksville was bright on rally night,
The campaign cider barrel stood
Convenient by the cabin door,
Built up of mammoth logs of wood.

And followers of Harrison,
Each true and faithful, stalwart Whig
Remembering his country's weal,
Was asked and urged to take a swig.

Around the borders of the crowd
The opposition forces strolled,
As if they contemplated soon
To join the Tip and Tyler fold.

Their interest, it proved, was this:
To see how worked the ipecac,
They'd put into the cider there,
When once Doc Morgan turned his back.

The meeting grew in magnitude
And time for speaking drew apace,
Enthusiasm mounted high
Illumining each patriot face.

But "World thy slippery turns," the Whigs,
Who'd worked to throw Van Buren down,
Began, with unanimity,
A throwin' up, disgracing town.

With faces pale, the patriots drooped,
The ipecac had sovereign sway,
The rally faded into naught,
As fades the glimmering light of day.

The old man mused: "Its seventy year,
But mem'ry canters easy back
To that campaign in forty, when
When we dosed the Whigs with ipecac."

The President: Mr. Akers has a matter he desires to present to the Association at this time.

Mr. Akers: Whereas, The old fur trading station, built largely of walnut beams, by the Hudson Bay Fur Company somewhere between 1750 and 1780, is still standing on the corner of 27th and Vermont avenue, and is in good, fair condition, after being moved three times, and as this is much the oldest house in Cleveland, as it was built long before Cleveland began to be settled; therefore be it

Resolved, That the city authorities be requested to preserve the old house, and we respectfully ask that it be moved to Edgewater Park, repaired and made to look as near as possible like the original, and that it be used for storing relics and curios of early Cleveland

I move the adoption of the resolution, sir.

The motion was seconded and unanimously adopted.

The President: Dr. Knowlton used to doctor the farmer. He got so rich at that, he came to town and doctored us city folks; then he quit doctoring and went back and became a farmer himself. He thinks those things qualify him to talk about farmers and doctors. He has the floor. (Applause.)

ADDRESS

By Dr. W. A. Knowlton.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Members of the Association: When a number of weeks ago I received a note from our President saying that at least one minister and three lawyers would speak here today, my first impression was that the Judge thought that after one preacher and three lawyers had had their way with the assemblage, that the services of a doctor would be needed. (Laughter). But the order of the program shows that I was entirely mistaken in the thought of the Judge. I confess that it is not the first mistake a doctor ever made.

I shall say but little about doctors and medicine. An interesting paper or address might be prepared on the history of medicine in Cuyahoga County and Northern Ohio, on the experiences and personalities of early practitioners, on what doctors living and dead have done together with public spirited citizens to build up institutions of medical learning and hospitals, making Cleveland what it is today, the center of medical training. But this is a large subject for a small talk, and besides, requires more research than I have made to do the subject justice. As we all know, since the days of the early settlers, vast additions have been made to the knowledge of disease, its cause and prevention; also some remarkable discoveries have been made of measures for the arrest of disease, the so-called cure of disease. So much has been learned about sanitation, about disease producing germs, antiseptics and so much knowledge upon these matters seems in sight that one might venture to hope that after a few generations at any rate, people might so live, if this knowledge were intelligently applied, that they would pass through life with few, if any, bodily ills, and each individual reach a final earthly end much after the manner of the "One Hoss Shay," described by Dr. Holmes. I can truthfully say that if medicine is not in the front rank of the world's progress, it is well up in the column. If medicine is not undergoing a real revolution, it is certainly undergoing evolution. But, notwithstanding all our hopes for the future, I recall that some one said a good while ago that "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be, but when the devil was well, devil a monk was he." And this rather distinguished personage was very human in many of his ways. I use the past tense for I have been told that he has been, as a personage, abolished, or nearly so. Nevertheless, human traditions proceed, and so I suppose that in the future as in the past, notwithstanding the prevalence of much knowledge, the doctor's services will still be in demand—he will still have his day. Physicians now a days who have been properly trained, as we all know, are much better equipped than they were in the early days, and yet I presume that in point of ability and devotion to duty, the early practitioners would not suffer by comparison. I think

that I can truthfully say, notwithstanding in those days anybody could set up for a doctor without let or hindrance of the law, that there was not as much downright imposture, not so much capitalism of the credulity and gullibility of people as there has been since and as there is at the present time. Perhaps this was because there were fewer people and fewer facilities for spreading the glad tidings of sure cure. (Applause). But then, as now, there were good doctors and bad doctors; the fit and the unfit. I recall a story with regard to an interview or so-called consultation which took place at rather an early day between a noted Cleveland surgeon and one of the incompetent. Dr. Ackley, of whom you have all heard, and who was rather rough, but able and skillful, was called to a distant part of the county to see a case wherein the local attendant had tried to do with a poultice what was the proper work of the knife, and as the result the limb was certain to be lost, and perhaps a life. After examining the case and getting its history, and knowing something of the local attendant, who, by the way, occupied the pulpit on Sunday and did some farming during the week and attended the sick as a doctor when called upon, Dr. Ackley said to him, "I understand that you are a preacher as well as a practitioner of medicine." "Yes," he said, "he felt it his duty to try to save souls." "Well," said Dr. Ackley, "If your preaching is no better than your practice of medicine, you will meet your friends in hell." (Laughter.)

I understand that the experts in such matters have discovered that there is no such place (laughter), or at any rate, if there ever was, that it has been burned out, so to speak. I believe, however, that Billy Sunday sometimes talks about it, and out in the country, I must confess that I occasionally hear it mentioned. But I suppose that now a days these unfit practitioners, the mountebanks who are trifling with human life are not to be consigned to that place mentioned by Dr. Ackley, and yet it seems a pity, don't it? (Laughter).

But in the short time allotted to me, I wish to talk of people who are of equal, if not of more importance, than the doctors. It is right that we should honor those who for the good and glory of our land have won victories in battle on land and sea—that we

should honor those who have planned the vast enterprises and industries that have builded cities like our own Cleveland; but it seems to me that none are more deserving of lasting remembrance than the men and women who came into the unbroken forest, cleared and cultivated the lands that people might live. With what courage, patience and fortitude they did their work. It was my privilege in early boyhood to witness some of these woodsmen, loggers, choppers—human builders in action. It was fascinating to me as a boy to see an ordinary man walk up to a tree half or two-thirds as far through as he was tall, and down it in a few minutes. The axe swung with a rythm almost like a pendulum. Every blow was true. The axe swung from sunrise to sunset. The felling of the timber was but a very small part of the clearing of the land; putting in crops among the roots and stumps required a patience and temper controlled by an iron will. Not alone for what they did, but more for the spirit in which they did their work do they deserve remembrance. They did not feel themselves to be martyrs, but willingly and cheerfully they did their work. "Tranquil did they drive their team afield," and generally an ox team at that. It was haw Bock and gee Brady, wake up and go along, and it mattered little whether the driver was the owner of the team or the hired man, things moved just the same. There were few drones among them—few criminals. They worked hard and long hours. They were poor in the world's goods, but they were really rich in the zest and joy of life. We may congratulate ourselves at the present time that the many may have the necessities, the comforts and even luxuries of life without such continuous toil. But the world's work is still to do. And if the time ever comes when our American people feel that somehow they can live without work and a good deal of it, it will be useless to pray, for they will have no right to expect that the Lord will have mercy on them.

It is rather fashionable now a days, especially in some circles, to coddle—if I may use that expression, I don't think of a better—to coddle the idle, the delinquent, the criminal generally and lay the burden of offence upon society, and society is to blame. What sort of instruction and training must a girl have had who

will starve or worse, in an office or store or shop, as we have been told many do, rather than do housework, eat a-plenty, dress well, live decently and modestly and be a capitalist in a few years. What sort of headpiece has a man or woman who looks down upon a girl because she does such work as all our mothers and grandmothers have done? Society is to blame. How much sympathy does an able-bodied man deserve who will live around a city and starve or accept charity rather than work on a farm, live like a man, have all the play that is good for him, and put more money in the bank than perhaps even his employer can. Society is to blame that in the school particularly, and in the home children are not taught to do real work, how to meet difficulties and overcome them, master them, master themselves, practice some self denial, do things that need to be done, even though the doing may seem disagreeable. Why shouldn't a child or youth be taught some of the unavoidable lessons of life early? "Oh, but it is so cruel to put a task upon a child; the early part of life's road must be made so inviting, and there must be so many posies beside the way." I read a story not long ago of a obstreperous boy who in an ocean wreck was cast away and picked up by a whaleship bound for the Northern Sea. He put on airs and strutted about the deck and refused to work with the common sailors. The old skipper, however, quickly opened his eyes by first closing them. He hit him on the side of the head and knocked him down, and when he revived he came to his senses in more ways than one. The old skipper taught him obedience and respect for property—taught him to work and make himself useful, and by the time the vessel made a successful cruise and came back to the home port it made a man of the boy, and he was forever grateful. Now, the old skipper's method of instruction was rather harsh, brutal, perhaps, but it was successful, and better too, it was common sense in the old skipper's way than not to teach it at all. There is a vast deal of sentimentalism abroad respecting children and grown people, grown failures, I would say, and there are so many of them, so many of the criminal and grown failures that they are becoming a burden, and I almost would say a nuisance in our country. There is a sentimentalism abroad

about the training of children and the management of grownup failures, that it seems to me would better be put in cold storage and never let loose, just preserved as a warning lest we forget. But I suppose we are all old settlers here, and what I am saying is entirely superfluous.

A good many, I think, now a days, will take lessons of the pioneers. The farmers of today are in the main, worthy successors of the early settlers. They are willing, cheerful workers. There are very few comparatively gentlemen farmers. Just as in the olden times he must either drive or be driven. That is as true today as it ever was. But the farmers deserve remark and consideration particularly not because of their industry, but because of their economy, their prudence, their foresight, their efforts to provide for a rainy day, for old age, their manly efforts to economic independence, for the practice of those old-fashioned virtues without which no community and no nation can be permanently prosperous and happy. I read an article a little while ago in one of the prominent journals entitled, "The Passing of the Farmer." It was predicted in confidence that the American farmer would soon pass away, that is, as he is now known; that for economic reasons the farmers would soon be under the control of massed capital, because massed capital could do the work cheaper. And he drew a picture of the workers on the farms who, of course, would be employes gathered into little villages, each one with a beautiful little cottage, nicely mowed lawns before them, and the yard would be beautiful with trees and flowers, and I suppose he dreamed that the worker would be lulled to sleep at night by syndicate owned, caged whippoorwills, and perhaps he would be wakened in the morning by the sunlight streaming in through stained glass windows when the sun was two or three hours high, and he would be conveyed to his work not far distant in syndicate-owned motor cars or syndicate trolley lines, and he would work a very few hours. It was a lovely picture, but it was but a picture, a dream, an idle dream. Whenever the farm lands of America pass under the control of a few, we may reasonably expect that the "Man with the Hoe" will become the creature that our friend Markham draws him. No, no,

we want more farmers instead of fewer, and more who own their own lands, free men. We want more of these men who own their lands, who work and are willing workers, and so I say, here's to the American farmer, the individual. We need more of real individuals in our country, more of individualism instead of less. Corporations and associations are useful, needed within limits, but there is a sort of a solidarity that is deadening. Much depends upon whether the individuals are few or many. If the real individuals are few and the many are mere molecules in a mass, the mass becomes too heavy for a Republic and so I say, here is to the American farmer, his feet on the soil, his face in the sun, a true American. There may be hayseed in his hair, but within his line fence he is master; he is his own boss, a man, every inch of him, and may his type never grow less. (Applause.)

The President: Ladies and Gentlemen, there may be theoretical patriotism as contrasted with practical patriotism, there may be sentimental patriotism as contrasted with practical patriotism. If there is such a distinction, I know no one who is better able to draw the clear line than is Rev. Dr. Meldrum, who will now address you on the subject of Practical Patriotism:

REV. DR. A. B. MELDRUM'S ADDRESS

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I feel myself to be somewhat of an interloper on this occasion in this company. What in the world has a mere stripling like me to do in a company of early settlers! God forbid that I should use the word "old" settlers. Although I am a father and a grandfather, I feel a mere boy in a crowd of this kind, with only a residence of twelve years in the city, whose splendid position in the nation is due in no small measure, I believe, to what you men and women have done. After all, I suppose that age, as well as other things, is a relative thing. I read of an old couple of ninety years who had a son of seventy, and the son died, and the old father bemoaned their loss, but the mother to comfort the father said to

him, "John, don't take it so hard, haven't I always said that I had my doubts about raising that boy?" Age is a relative thing. The word "pioneer" has been used this afternoon. We are all pioneers; you are pioneers and I am a pioneer. The pioneers of the youth of this generation are the pioneers of the next, and being an old settler, or an early settler is simply a matter of being permitted to live. I hope to live to see the day when I shall be called an early settler of Cleveland. (Applause.) I heard a conversation between a lady and gentleman some time ago; the lady said, "Why, I can recall the time when they had straw in the street cars." "Oh, that is nothing," said the gentleman, "I remember the time when straw in the street cars was regarded as an impertinent innovation."

It is impossible to conceive of an occasion of this kind, especially under the circumstances under which we are met, without feeling the influence of patriotism; the day is patriotic and the air breathes with patriotism; we think in terms of patriotism, we cannot get away from it. And yet, ladies and gentlemen, I am free to say that if we are here merely to celebrate a victory of one hundred years ago, we might as well be elsewhere doing other things. I am a foreign-born American citizen. My forefathers fought in the battle which we are celebrating today, on the other side, and yet in accentuating my allegiance to America and American institutions, I abate not one jot nor one iota of love for the old flag that floated over my cradle, the grand old Union Jack which has waved a thousand years.

I believe that unless our celebration of this victory brings us into an attitude of right thinking and right feeling towards the mother country and towards every other nation on the face of the earth, our celebration falls far below what it should be. For what is the advantage of memory—what is the advantage of commemorating any event. You were not in that battle, I was not in that battle; the victory wasn't yours, the victory wasn't mine. All the good that comes to us out of the memory of that victory or any other victory is its incentive to a higher and truer patriotism. He is a very foolish man, whether he be young or old, who looks back and gets no inspiration from that backward look,

gets no incentive from it to be better and to do better in his day and generation. That is the way I look at it at any rate. And then we cannot get away from that wonderful and mysterious but most real Providence who superintends all human affairs. It was God's victory that day. Men planned, but "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a' glee," as the idealist poet Burns says. God's hand was lifted up that day, and men shortly after that learned what his plan was. Ladies and gentlemen, you cannot get away from the overruling providence of God Almighty. You cannot give an atheistic account of how things come to pass. The Lord God Almighty reigneth.

Somebody has suggested that I say a few words along the line of practical patriotism, or sensible patriotism. What is patriotism? Patriotism, you say, is love of country, and so it is; but that is not a distinctively American quality. The citizens of every nation are patriotic. The citizens of the little, obscure principalities are patriotic, just as patriotic as we are; they love their country just as much as we do, and we honor them for it. Patriotism is that love that is begotten from a sense of proprietorship, of possession. We love our country because we say, "It is our country." We have a proprietary interest in this country, and that is why men can come from the ends of the earth, leave the little nation, be it Scotland or Holland or what not, and come and settle here and become identified with the interests and the institutions of this nation and not forget one jot or whit of love for their native land, patriots in the true sense. Now, there is a false patriotism. I think that the Honorable Judge is perfectly right in what he has said in introducing me, as to theoretical patriotism and practical patriotism, but there is a sham patriotism. It is a menace to the American Republic today. A sham patriotism which flings its hat in the political procession, which votes as often as it can on election day, which parades the flag and at the same time violates the very essence of American citizenship, is something we have to work against with all our might. * Be true to the land whose protection we enjoy and whose laws we profess to honor. There are certain tests of patriotism which ought to be applied if we are to be real patriots. It is all very well to

look back and tell what we think of the fathers, of those who fought and fell, those who stood under the sulphurous canopy of battle; that is all very well, but it is a far greater question for me to ask, "What do the fathers think of me," than what do I think of the fathers. Here is one test of patriotism, one which is the sensible and practical patriotism—personal character. Who is a good citizen? A good citizen is a good man. A man is no better citizen than he is a man. That is one of the fundamental things, at all events, in my creed, as it relates to patriotism. No man shall tell me what sort of a patriot I should be who violates and blasphemes in his own daily life the fundamental principles of integrity, righteousness and purity. A man in relation to his country should be tested just as is a son in relation to his mother. Our country is our mother. This country is my step-mother. And I honor a step-mother just as much as I do real mothers, and in some respects I honor them more when they are as real and ideal in that delicate and difficult position as some are that I know.

The true patriot is a man of integrity, he is a man of purity, he is a man of incorruptible probity in all his relations in life. Let no man brag of his patriotism, let no man shout for the flag who violates the principles of integrity. That man is a patriot, first of all, who is true to himself, true to his own finer instincts; at any rate that is what I think about it. I know that it isn't what everybody thinks about it, but then the rest are wrong and I am right. And there is another principle that serves as a test of true patriotism, and that is the test of the human life. That is a test which should come close to you and to me who are fathers and mothers of those who, if they live long enough, are to be the early settlers of the next generation. A man is no better citizen than he is in the sanctity of his own home; he is no better man than he is there. And let no man prate to me of his patriotism, let no man tell me about the glory of the flag and of the constitution who mistreats his children, who derides his wife and who carries a shadow of gloom with him every time he enters his own door. (Applause.) And, ladies and gentlemen, the unit of the nation is not the public school, it is not the political organiza-

tion, it is not the religious organization—the unit of the nation in which all else centers is the home, and the patriotic virtues, the national virtues, are simply the home virtues expanded, the virtues which took root at the domestic fireside; therefore every feeling that takes a man away from his home, everything that weakens a man's domestic relationship, everything that stands out against the integrity and purity of the home is as blasphemously traitorous as that emotion which would permit a man to tear down the flag and trail it in the mud, and more so. I can conceive of nothing that should be held more solemnly and sacredly than the integrity of our homes. Home is the place where men are being made out of boys, the place where women are being made out of girls. It is the seminary of manhood and of womanhood. I know of nothing that so completely menaces, nothing more dangerous, nothing that is more ominous to the integrity of this great and splendid, matchless American republic, than the loss of ideals as to the sanctity of the domestic lifestone. That is another test, in my judgment, of the true and real, sensible patriotism. There is another test, and I am not going to keep you very long, I just want to say what I have to say, and I will sit down when I quit, and it is this: An intelligent, broad-minded understanding of the great problems which confront this American nation. A year or two ago I caught a young son of mine surreptitiously setting off a firecracker in the back yard; it was on the Fourth of July, and I caught him before the firecracker had gone off. I said: "What are you doing?" He said: "I am celebrating." "Celebrating what?" said I. Then, to use an American expression, he said, "Well, search me." I said to him: "What does the Fourth of July celebrate?" Said he: "Search me." And I wonder, with all of our enthusiasm on this commemorative day, how many of us could tell just why the battle in Put-in-Bay was fought, what they were fighting for, anyhow. Whether that question is answered intelligently or not doesn't make very much difference now, because the battle has been fought, and what they fought for cuts very little figure after the fight has been fought and the victory won. Here is something of greater moment, and that is that we are all fighting. A fig for the

man who isn't a fighter. Every true man loves a fighter, and God Almighty loves a fighter. The best business of life is fighting, but we should fight intelligently, we should know what we are fighting and, whom we are fighting, and why. And I will tell you this, my friends, the problems we have to face must be faced intelligently or they will be faced unintelligently, and there is no place on earth where intelligence counts for more, and no place on earth where intelligence can have more, because in this country a vote counts for everything, and if you and I don't settle things intelligently they will be settled unintelligently. If the virtuous people don't come out and study these questions and settle them intelligently, the vicious will. If I were a woman I would be a suffragette. (Applause.) Being only a mere man, I am not. I belong to the political party which holds that something is needed by which hundreds and thousands of men in this country shall not vote, and by which hundreds of thousands of women in this country shall. (Great applause.) It seems to be utterly unworthy and incomprehensible, that every bum in this republic should vote and that women who are righteous and true should not. It seems to me that is along the line of the first principles of common sense and sound judgment. That is another test then, of fundamental, vital and practical patriotism—intelligent apprehension of the tremendous problems that we have to face in the community, in the state, in the city and in the nation, because of our cosmopolitan character, because of the ends of earth meeting here, this nation is the battle ground—let us hope and pray a bloodless battle ground, of some of the most tremendous intellectual battles, political battles, that have ever been fought out under the shining sun, and they are for men and women like you, and the sons and daughters you are raising by the grace of God.

Then there is another thing, the last thing that I shall mention as being a test of sensible, practical and every day patriotism—and that is that strange and subtle thing that we call real independence, that inheres in every true man who has a mind of his own and uses it, who has a conscience of his own and is true to it. The noblest patriots this country has ever known have been

men who dared to step aside from the party to which they belonged, who have dared to bolt the ticket, as we say, and come out and stand on their own feet as men. You can't get away from that. It is better to be one man in a minority who has thought his own thoughts and expressed his own thoughts than a man who is simply lost in the majority because he has let other people do his thinking for him. (Applause.) No man who ever had the conviction of righteousness throbbing in his soul, no man who ever dared to stand pat for what he thought was true and righteous altogether, no man who ever dared to ally himself with the weakest force or organization of the country, ever lost his vote or ever lost one iota of his influence; by the grace of God, such a thing is impossible.

What a man contributes to the weel of the nation or to the weel of the community is dependent upon the man himself, upon that spirit of independence, upon that invincible determination of his to be himself, no matter what the crowd may do around him, to be true to his own instincts, to his own convictions is a test of patriotism. I am no patriot when I merely follow the crowd because there is a crowd to follow, when I shout for the popular hero of the day because others shout for him. I am a patriot when I stand alone, because when I do that I am not alone, for the stars in their courses are fighting with me, and I am a man that is a worthy son of God Almighty, and a loyal brother to all mankind. Here, then, are the qualities of practical patriotism. I believe that you men and women stand for these qualities, the personal quality, the domestic quality, the intellectual quality and the independent quality.

I have given you my idea as to the kind of patriot I would like to be; I don't know that I am; it is far easier to preach than to practice, otherwise it wouldn't be worth while preaching. I like to preach; I don't always like to practice; but, on the whole, I think I am trying to govern my life by these principles, and to test my patriotism by these touchstones. I think these are things that we should stand for, and that is what is meant by that passage in Scripture, which says: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, their works do follow them." (Applause.)

The President: I guess we all agree that the doctor and the preacher have done pretty well, but we lawyers haven't given up the fight yet. Mr. P. H. Kaiser, who has practiced law here longer than any of us can remember, will talk to you about Civic Innovations. I take pleasure in introducing him.

ADDRESS BY P. H. KAISER, ESQ.

CIVIC INNOVATIONS

On the first of October, 1912, there went into effect a most radical change in the structure of the government of the State of Ohio. This change was wrought by the adoption of an amendment to one of the sections of the constitution by the votes of less than one-third of the electors of the State. The amendment changed the law making machinery of our State and put it into different hands from what it had ever been in before.

The constitution adopted in 1851, as well as that adopted in 1802, placed the law-making power in a General Assembly, elected by the people.

When in 1787, Congress organized the Northwest territory of which Ohio is a part, the law-making power was vested in a body of men, consisting of the Governor and the Territorial judges of the courts, so that from 1787 to 1912—a period of 125 years, the law-making power of our State had been vested in a chosen body of men, and could not be made during that period by the people personally.

If we look into the Constitution of the United States, we find the law-making power under that instrument, is vested in the Congress, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives, chosen as therein prescribed.

And if we go still further back, and look into the articles of confederation adopted by the Continental Congress at Philadelphia in 1777, and later ratified by the several States, we find the law-making power vested in a Congress composed of delegates chosen as the Legislature of each State might direct. So that

throughout the whole period of our history, both as a Nation and as a State the law-making power has been vested in a body of men chosen for that purpose in some prescribed manner.

Under this system for 135 years (1777 to 1912) we managed to get on quite well and accomplished valuable results. We victoriously ended the Revolutionary war, won our National Independence, struggled through the critical period immediately following that war, established our National Constitution, swept armed England from the blue waters of Lake Erie in 1813, saved the Union from destruction in the Civil war, and have surpassed all the Nations in progress of every kind.

But in 1912, certain citizens met in a Constitutional Convention at the city of Columbus, having been chosen as delegates thereto by a bare twenty-five per cent of the legal voters of the State, the convention being presided over by a Congregational preacher from Cincinnati—not specially distinguished for his knowledge of constitutional law—not more so at any rate than Judges Ranney, Andrews and Hitchcock, who sat in the Constitutional convention of 1851—and a majority of the convention of 1912 discovered that the system of making laws which had served so long and so well had broken down, and in their wisdom they devised an alleged better system to take its place—one which would practically override and put under its feet the long-tried American system hereinbefore described.

In a word, it is, that all the 1,000,000 or more legal voters in Ohio may in person make the laws for the people of the State. More specifically, the system provides, as the old State Constitution did, that the legislative power of the State shall be vested in a General Assembly, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives, but adds this new and un-American provision: "But the people reserve to themselves the power to propose to the General Assembly laws * * * and to adopt or reject the same at the polls * * *." The power to propose laws is called the "Initiative," while the right to adopt or reject laws passed by the General Assembly is called the "Referendum," and practically covers the whole field of legislation, may be put into compulsory operation on petition of three per cent of the electors for Initiative and three per cent more for Referendum.

Safe and sane law-making is not adapted to the multitude. A moment's reflection will serve to show that law-making is a work in which a heterogenous million of people cannot, in person, wisely engage. Discussion and consideration are prime requisites to intelligent enactment of useful and wise laws. These things cannot be had and accomplished by a million voters who at the polls are called upon to vote merely "Yes" or "No" as to the passage of a law however long and complicated it may be. Illustration: In 1910 at a Referendum election in Oregon there was submitted to the voters thirty-two different laws, the titles alone of which contained 1900 words, which is three-sevenths as many words as are contained in the entire Constitution of the United States and, also, a list of one hundred thirty-one candidates for public office. How could voting be called intelligent under such circumstances? Under the Ohio system a vote must be taken on every law presented to or passed by the General Assembly when demanded by three per cent of the electors, and the voting must be all done at one election. When a law contains some sections, parts of which the voter approves, but disapproves of other parts of the section, and a "Yes" or "No" vote must be cast, the voter is left in the same predicament that one is left in when he is asked the question: Have you left off beating your grandmother? If the answer is "Yes" it is very embarrassing, but if the answer is "No" it is much more so.

What corporation would turn over its management to its thousands of stockholders? Bankruptcy would be the inevitable result of such a course.

The Referendum system weakens and renders ineffectual representative government. It leads representatives to shirk their responsibilities and to throw them back upon their constituents where the ultimate responsibility under such a system really rests. Illustration: In Oregon the proper advancement of the cause of education required the establishment of three State normal schools, but the State Senate declined to aid in passing any legislation upon the subject, giving as their reason that under the Referendum the people could annul any law that the Legislature might pass, and thus threw the entire responsibility

back upon the people, with the result that but one was established when three were needed. Thus the referendum becomes the refuge for the legislative coward.

This system of legislation is a paradise for "hobby-riders" of every sort. What collection of "rain-bow chasers" cannot get three per cent of the electors to sign a petition to the General Assembly to enact a law to usher in the millennium, and then enlist the services of yellow journals to raise the hopes and stimulate the indolence of people who would rather vote themselves bread than to work for it?

Two laws of contradictory character may be submitted to the voters at the same election and each may receive a majority of the votes cast, but our cunning constitutional mutilators were not to be caught in such a trap, for they provided that the one should stand which received the greater majority. A case of apprehensive prevision.

Our present Governor was a warm supporter of the "I. and R." He urged through the General Assembly certain favored legislation, but when an attempt was made to subject it to a referendum vote, it was currently reported that stumbling blocks were put in the way and efforts were made to burglarize the room where the petitions were kept.

But, says the civic innovator, the representative system of enacting laws has broken down, because representatives have accepted bribes and betrayed their trust. Yes, so, indeed, some of them have done, but have the people not done the very same thing? Look at Adams county, Ohio, where the people, by the thousands sold their votes. Shall we, therefore, abolish or weaken the right of suffrage? The system of suffrage was not at fault, but the people were CORRUPT and had low civic ideals. If a citizen barter his vote for money, fine or imprison him, but let the right of suffrage remain. So, if a legislator stains his hands with bribes, turn him out of the General Assembly and into the penitentiary; but do not destroy our American system of representative government by substituting in its place a Socialistic referendum. No, let the people awake to their responsibility and cease sending men to the Legislature who have no proper appreciation of the high duties devolving upon them.

Our modern civic innovators seem to have little regard for consistency. Logical incongruity serves only to kindle their zeal. They are greatly concerned that the government shall be brought nearer to the "dear people." To this end they champion the "recall," both of judges and their judicial decisions, and are prepared to submit to the "people" the gravest and most profound questions of Constitutional law.

While thus pretending to bring the government closer to the people, these same innovators have no twinges of conscience in advocating the very "short ballot," by which they take from the people, the right to elect any executive officers of the State except Governor and Lieutenant Governor; thus removing one great department of the State government except as to two of its officers. A State ticket containing a bare half dozen State officers to be filled by popular vote, is quite too complicated for the average elector to understand; while a score of laws, each containing many different sections are quite within the voters' comprehension when submitted under the referendum system.

Patrick Henry said: "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience."

The civic innovator says: "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experiment."

Experience has taught us nothing that is really valuable; the lessons of history should not be heeded by modern men who are wide awake; we do not stand upon the shoulders of the past; nothing is settled, but all questions are still wide open for re-examination—say these latter day experimenters.

On the contrary, for practical purposes of our every-day living, I contend that the history of the past is instructive, and that some things are really settled.

The multiplication table, Ten Commandments, Golden Rule, natural right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, equal protection of the law—these are all settled in this our America and should be out of the reach of the civic experimenter.

Indeed, some of these restless souls are even suggesting by way of experiment, "Trial marriage," and the records of divorce

courts seem to suggest that practically the experiment is in actual operation. Such an experiment is on a par in its un wisdom with many proposed experiments in civil government.

Let us *cleave* to that which is really good, and then, press forward to whatever else modern thought may be able to bring to us and our beloved *land*.

REMINISCENCES BY CAPT. JOHN N. FRAZEE

I arrived in Cleveland June 16th, 1851, from Troy, N. Y., to take employment under the firm of Gardner & Robbins, who had purchased an Allen planing machine. They had erected a two-story brick building on Merwin street for planing and saw mill. This was the second mill established in this city. The first was operated by Ransom Cobb, under the so-called Woodworth patents and had control of same in this territory. This patent covered all machines having revolving cutters fed by rolls and necessitated a change in the method of dressing or planing lumber, also in the matching of flooring.

The Allen machine was a stationary knife or cutter. The matching likewise was avoided by using the "drunken" saws for this operation.

At this time there were no planing mills between Cleveland and Cincinnati and all shipments were made by canal, the pine lumber coming here by lake shipment from Michigan and Canada.

All lumber for use during the winter months had to be shipped before the close of the canal in the fall. One firm in Columbus was supplied by this mill with all the dressed lumber handled by them; when their orders came for fall delivery we were compelled to work night and day or forfeit the order if not delivered to their boats on time.

This required two sets of men, and being the only person at this time who knew how to operate the machine, I have stood for 36 hours continuous running.

This mill was burned in July, 1853. Labor was cheap in those days for all classes—skilled and unskilled. So was board

and lodging. It cost me for two rooms and board at the Pearl street house (later known as the Franklin House) two dollars (\$2.00) per week.

The mayor of Cleveland was William Case and the police force was composed of constables for day duty, and a night watch of four men; of the constables, Seth A. Abbey was the most prominent.

The fire department were all volunteers, the city paying for repairs and equipment needed. It was composed of five second-class engines and six hose carts and one first-class engine (Phoenix No. 4). This engine was the property of the company, and was constructed at Waterford, N. Y., for this company.

Miller M. Spangler was chief engineer, T. C. Floyd and Sam Lyon, assistant engineers.

At this period, the principal military organization was the Gun Squad, in charge of Capt. David L. Wood. This squad was originally a detail from the ranks of the Cleveland Grays, and became known as the Cleveland Light Artillery; they kept up their organization after the dissolution of the Grays. It was the foundation of the First Ohio Regiment Light Artillery, organized for the Civil war, under command of Col. James Barnett, later Brevet Brigadier General. It served with credit to itself and officers.

An incident connected with the Cleveland Grays may be here stated as the first riot call for militia in this fair city.

As the records of the Grays have been destroyed by fire, there is no date to this incident. Madison Miller at the time was sheriff of the county and had the authority to call out the militia in case of riot. The riot proved to be one man and a shot gun. Erastus Tisdale was the man. Tisdale was a ship carpenter and had hauled out a canal boat at his yard, repaired it and placed the ways under it for launching; the parties in control of the boat had refused to pay the bill for repairs and made an effort to launch it. Tisdale drove the ways full of spikes, took his shot gun and climbed aboard the boat and said they might take the boat, but the ways and spikes were his property, and he

would defend them. The sheriff met with the same resistance—hence his call for the militia.

Tisdale, on seeing the Grays, said if he was to be honored by a military escort to the jail he would surrender.

In 1852 the mayor called out the Gun Squad to suppress a riot at the Medical College, southeast corner of Prospect and Ontario streets. At their appearance the destruction of property ceased, and the rioters gradually dispersed.

In 1853 the Grays reorganized, making T. S. Paddock captain. They have made a record for themselves and have always responded to calls for duty.

There was no police court in those days. Arrests were made by constables who took their prisoners before a justice of the peace for trial.

On one occasion, a party was brought in for drunkenness, before one of the justices who himself was somewhat given to conviviality. When asked if he was guilty or not guilty, he replied: "Well, squire, I believe I was a little sprung."

The squire said: "You are such a liar, I don't believe you. You are discharged."

RICHFIELD CORNET BAND

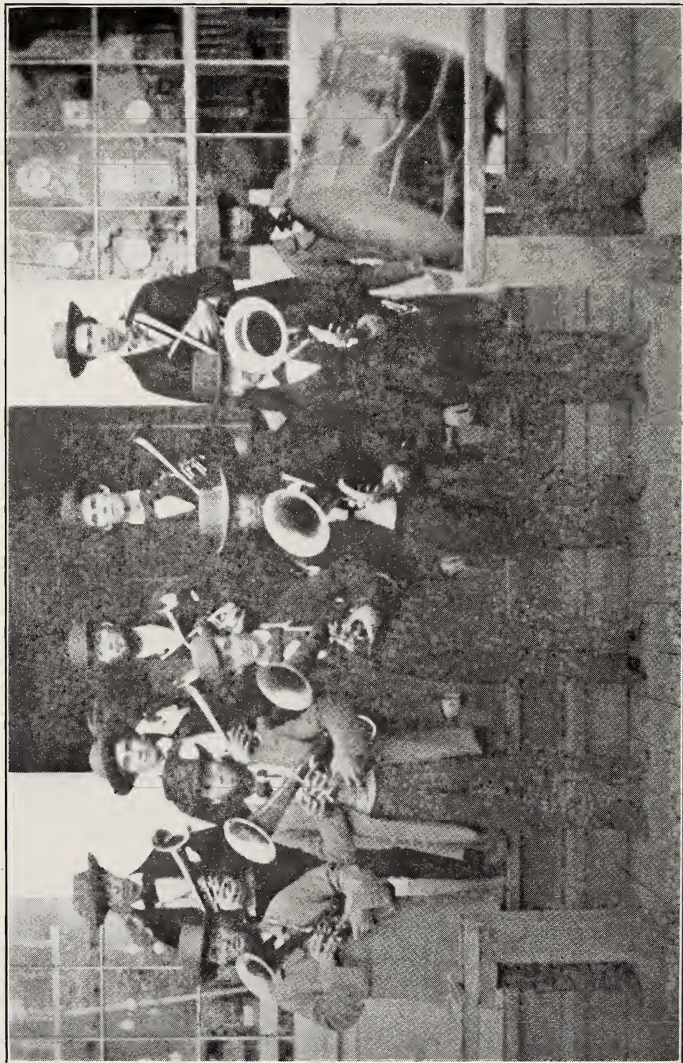
By F. M. Chandler ✓

The Richfield Cornet Band of 1858, was one of the first and best military bands ever organized in a country village by exclusively local talent. ✓

It was thoroughly drilled by D. Marble, of Akron, whose reputation as a band master was state-wide.

One of the entertaining features of the Fourth of July celebration held in Cleveland in 1859, was this band, which led the afternoon parade and in the evening gave a concert in the Square.

The members were John Thompson, Horace Greenwood, George L. Dustin, Elisha T. Ellsworth, James W. Ellsworth, B. H. Rouse, Chandler Dustin, Frank Thomas, J. A. Chandler, Levi



JOHN THOMPSON
B. H. ROUSE

H. GREENWOOD
C. DUSTIN

GEORGE L. DUSTIN
FRANK THOMAS

E. T. ELLSWORTH
J. A. CHANDLER

J. W. ELLSWORTH
L. P. CARR

SETH DUSTIN

RICHFIELD CORNET BAND

1858

P. Carr and Seth Dustin. Two only are now living, viz: B. H. Rouse and Seth Dustin.

John Thompson and Horace Greenwood, subsequently enlisted in the Second O. V. Cavalry band, when the regiment was first organized.

John Thompson was killed in camp at Cincinnati by a runaway horse.

Horace Greenwood served during the war, and soon after he was mustered out, went to reside in Akron. He was one of the first United States railway mail clerks appointed in that service and at the time of his death in 1910, was the railway mail transfer agent at Akron.

George L. Dustin was a harness-maker and died in Richfield several years ago.

Elisha T. Ellsworth, came to Cleveland in the early '60's and engaged in the coal business with Mr. C. H. Clark, under the firm name of C. H. Clark & Co. He took great interest in Masonic affairs and was the first W. M. of Forest City Lodge No. 388, F. & A. M., of this city.

James W. Ellsworth, was a brother of Elisha T. He also came to Cleveland and for several years was connected with the wholesale grocery house of Babcock, Hurd & Co., later engaging in the insurance business.

B. H. Rouse, one of the two survivors, removed to Cleveland in 1861 and for more than forty years was connected with the dry goods firm of Hower & Higbee, and its successor, The Higbee Co. He is an enthusiastic member of this Association and is here today.

Chandler Dustin was a brother of George L. and Seth Dustin, and died in Richfield many years ago. The old daguerreotype from which the picture printed in the program was taken, is in the possession of his son, Mr. V. A. E. Dustin, assignment commissioner of the Common Pleas court of this county.

Frank Thomas removed from Richfield to Cleveland shortly before the war and was connected with the hardware firm of William Bingham & Co., from that time until his death, which occurred about twenty-five years ago.

J. A. Chandler came to Cleveland from New Hampshire in 1835, later removing to Richfield, where he lived for several years. He subsequently returned to Cleveland to reside and died here in 1893.

Levi P. Carr came to Cleveland in the early '60's to work in the office of the Cleveland & Pittsburg R. R. Co. He continued in the employ of that company and its lessee, the Pennsylvania company, until his death, which occurred in 1897.

Seth Dustin, the second survivor, kept the hotel at West Richfield for several years. He was a brother of George L. and Chandler Dustin. He now resides with his son in Idaho.

Reverting again to our fellow member, Mr. B. H. Rouse, it seems pertinent to tell you that he enjoys good music just as much today as he did when he played in that famous old band more than half a century ago.

The President: The next number is entitled Impromptu Remarks. We will be glad to hear from Mr. C. O. Bartlett.

IMPROMPTU REMARKS

By Mr. C. O. Bartlett

Mr. Bartlett: Mr. President and American Citizens: It is very pleasant, indeed, to meet with an American-born people. Do you ever think of it? If you doubt it, walk up the street, go through the markets, go through the May Company, go down into court, and you will find it is no longer American. The Anglo-Saxon race is gradually but surely passing; we ought to think of it a little more than we do. We have opened wide the doors to the people from Europe and from Asia and from almost every clime; it is possible that we have done well in doing this, I question it, but it may have been well, but I do say, and I say it most emphatically that we should say to those people: "If you come to our country as you have to better your condition, and you have bettered it, then you must abide by our laws," and furthermore, I would say: "You must not bring those laws from

your country that have kept you as you have been there, live as we do, or go away." (Applause.)

Now, then, I will speak about the business matters of Cuyahoga county. I want to first say, and say it without any question whatever, that Ohio stands at the head as a manufacturing state. It has advantages that no other state in the union has. It has nearly everything. It mines its own coal, thirty million tons; it has its own timbers; it has the best transportation facilities, river on the south and lake on the north, I want to say further that our city, Cleveland, has one-quarter of all the manufacturing companies in the state of Ohio, both in number and in wealth they are here. We can make a ton of iron cheaper in Cleveland than it can be made in any other place in the world. Now, why is it that this wonderful manufacturing city of Cleveland has progressed so rapidly. I don't know for sure, but my opinion is that it is because this city was first made up of a large number of Eastern people, Yankees, if you please; they brought their ingenuity here, and their children have grown up as manufacturers of the very best kind. I tell you, Ohio is a great and grand old state, and Cleveland is a great and grand city. We can all be proud that among our citizens, John Rockefeller, has gone on very rapidly in a business way. I think it can be truly said that Rockefeller and his company have done more than anything else to advance the business interests of the United States throughout the foreign nations; the oil can went into Mexico, it went into China, it went into all the world because his company had the power to put it there and other things following. They have done much for this country.

Another important man who added to the welfare of this city and of this county was Mr. Case, you know of him, and you know him well. He was a great scholar, a great man in many ways. I want to speak of one thing which he did which has not been appreciated by all. There was a man out here in Brecksville, (and that is my native town), and his name was John Stockwell. He was out there studying in a country home. I taught school in that neighborhood and I boarded at Mr. Stockwell's residence. He used to work until one o'clock at night

studying the stars. Mr. Case heard of him and he got acquainted with him, and I am sure this is right, for Mr. Stockwell told me of it long ago, and he visited out there and finally asked him to come in to Cleveland, and he came and he has been studying ever since; and he has not only become noted in the city, but better known in Europe, and wonderful things has that professor done. I tell you, we have some noted men here. I will say further, if you please, that had there been laws made to prevent men working more than eight hours a day, there would have been no John Stockwells; they have to work, and they have to work hard.

The reason Cleveland is so far advanced in manufacturing is due to her natural resources. Do you know that right out here on Miles avenue there are large rolling mills above the ground, and salt mines beneath the ground; they are taking out from the bowels of the earth under the city and under these manufacturing plants 300 tons of salt a day.

Cleveland is a mighty good city, and I am proud to be one of it. Much might be said, but I will not keep you.

I do not consider myself an old man—I notice there are a few of the older ones here—the most of them are gone. I think it can be truly said, that though their heads are white with the frosts of many winters and their forms bowed down with the weight of many years, though their sands of life have nearly run, yet the work they have done is a noble work, and it shall stand as an everlasting monument to those who dwell far out upon the shores of time. (Applause.)

The President: In 1855 the New England Society was organized. There remains but one of those organizers. There were two last year. Mr. Mellen took his departure; he left a comrade; we will listen to him now, Dr. William P. Horton.

REMARKS BY DR. WILLIAM P. HORTON

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: We have had so much said to us on all subjects, that I hardly know where to begin. The primary object of this meeting for years on the 10th of September, has been to memorialize the great fight that took place one hundred years ago today, the result of which never was equaled before and never has been equalled since, to this present day. It was the turning point in the war of 1812. When I say it was the turning point, I say it understandingly. The young man that undertook that was a Rhode Islander. He was a neighbor of my grandfather, who went into the Revolutionary war and fought the battle of the free at seventeen years of age. He knew Commodore Perry well. My father was the youngest son of my grandfather. My grandmother was a friend and a niece of Stephen Hopkins, who was Governor of Rhode Island at one time, and signed the Declaration of Independence. At fifteen years of age my grandmother ran the bullets that her father fired in the Battle of Bunker Hill.

My grandfather knew Commodore Perry well, and when I, as the oldest son of his favorite son, came into the world, there was a conflict between the families as to what the name of that boy should be. My grandfather was a descendant of an Englishman who came and settled in the upper part of Long Island in 1638. On my mother's side they were Scotch and great lovers of the history of William the Conqueror, and they insisted that that boy should be called William. Well, there was a rope-pulling, as it were, between the two families, and finally they decided on a compromise and called him "William Perry Horton." My grandfather on my father's side wanted "Oliver Hazard Perry," in love for him, and on the other side they wanted it "William the Conqueror," and, of course, they compromised and William Perry has been my name for more than eighty years. I never have denied it wherever I have been in the United States, and I have traveled pretty much all over it.

Now, in regard to that fight, it was a wonderful thing, for

the man who started that was a patriot; he was a descendant of the Pilgrims and had all the blood of his ancestors poured down in him. He stayed there in Rhode Island; he had been a midshipman and knew something about sailing, and all at once he had an inspiration. Here was this British fleet that was being formed on the West and where were the Indians and the British running over all this territory, and there didn't seem to be anybody anywhere in the United States that had a thought, not even the Government, to provide the means for establishing a fleet upon the lake here which would maintain its supremacy here in this vast territory bordering on these lakes. So this inspiration came to him and he started out at the age of twenty-seven in 1812, after the war had been raging a while, to see if this thing could not be accomplished. As has been mentioned here by some one, he started out to build this fleet and he succeeded the next year. Of course, the detail of this I can not go into; you have all heard of it and all know it, but it was a most wonderful thing, not the size of the fleet nor the fight, but the consequences; it opened an empire up to us to walk where we pleased and to become settled by loyal men and women of the country. We have had great wars since then, but the real sum total of that war was beyond any calculation.

Speaking of our good state of Ohio,—when I was in California in 1888, I hadn't got my overcoat off in the hotel before some man came up and buttonholed me and asked me what I thought of California. I told him I didn't know anything about it, but when I come to investigate California I would let him know. I spent about six months there and I searched pretty thoroughly for knowledge of the state, and when I got up to Sacramento to come home along in May I was asked what I thought of it, and I told them "Your state of California don't amount to anything; we have more permanent settlers in the State of Ohio since the Pacific Railroad was built than your whole state contains." Well, they didn't believe it, of course, but when the census of 1890 was taken I was three thousand short on what I had said.

I came here from Vermont in 1844; there were no railroads

as late as that. I taught school in log school houses and boarded round; I did that for several winters.

We have reason to believe that there is no better country than the United States, no better state than Ohio, and no better town than Cleveland. Thank you for the time. (Applause.)

On motion, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller for the floral decorations furnished for this meeting and to The B. Dreher Sons Co. for the piano.

The President: I think we can congratulate ourselves on the largest and most successful meeting our Association has ever had. I trust that we may all be here next 10th of September. Please rise and let us sing one verse of "America."

Biographical Sketches of Deceased Members

ELIZABETH BRACK

Mrs. Elizabeth (Scott) Brack, one of the oldest members of this Association, died September 3, 1913, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. B. P. Bower, 8324 Cedar avenue S. E.

Mrs. Brack was born in Selkirkshire, Scotland, in 1822, and came to Cleveland in 1835. She resided for a year on Pearl street, which was then in Ohio City, and for the last forty-seven years, resided with her daughter on Cedar avenue.

She was a member of Trinity Congregational church and her funeral services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. Ross Greene.

A daughter and three grand-children survive her, Mrs. B. P. Bower, Mr. A. B. Bower, Mrs. L. B. Clark, Miss Lucile and Mr. Robert Bower.

She was buried September 5th, 1913, in Lakeview Cemetery.

EDWARD BELZ

Edward Belz died at his home, 3201 Denison avenue, May 28th, 1914. He was born in Phillipsburgh, Baden, Germany, December 28, 1844, and came to Cleveland in 1872. For some time he was clerk for the late George H. Kolbe, Justice of the Peace. Afterwards he was associated with Samuel Penniman in the abstract business which was subsequently known as the Cozad, Belz & Bates Abstract Co., and was consolidated with The Guarantee Title & Trust Co., in 1899.

Mr. Belz was twice married. First to Mrs. Mathilda Fish,

nee Wicken. July 3, 1882, and second to Miss Bertha Fredericka Schlosstein, December 26, 1904, and who survives him.

Mr. Belz was a member of the Cleveland Gesangverein, Goethe-Schillerverein, Deutsche Schulverein, Royal Arcanum and Knights of Pythias.

He was especially interested in retaining the teaching of the German language in the public schools and was well known as one of the prominent German-Americans of Cleveland.

DR. ERASMUS D. BURTON

Dr. Erasmus Darwin Burton was born in Cuyahoga county, January 28th, 1825, and died January 22, 1914.

He studied medicine with his father and Dr. John Delamater, and was graduated from the Cleveland Medical College in 1846.

He was a member of the Executive Committee of the Early Settlers' Association, and Trustee of the Society for Savings.

In 1852 he was elected a member of the General Assembly of Ohio and served one term. He was the first mayor of the Village of East Cleveland and at the time of his death resided at No. 14110 Euclid Ave., in the house built by his father in 1821.

Dr. Burton is survived by five daughters and two sons, viz: Dr. Frederick D. Burton, Cleveland; Wm. M. Burton, Chicago; Mrs. Alexander S. Lyman, New York, and Misses Elizabeth, Jessie and Martha Burton of Cleveland.

CHARLES A. BURWELL

Charles Augustus Burwell, veteran Cleveland insurance man and a member of the Early Settlers' Association, died June 1st, 1911, at his residence, 10210 Parkgate avenue N. E. He is survived by a widow and two sons, Lorin Burwell of Geneva, O., and Arthur of Rexford, Mont.

Mr. Burwell was connected with the Cleveland office of the Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection & Insurance Co. since 1882.

He began as inspector, later was made chief inspector and finally general agent. In 1908 he retired from active work, but retained his connection with the company.

Mr. Burwell's parents came to Cleveland by way of the Erie canal and the lake from Connecticut in 1830 and settled on a farm at Tallmadge, O., where Mr. Burwell was born in 1838. Removing later to Cleveland Mr. Burwell attended public school and left the high school in 1855 before graduating classes had been instituted. He became an apprentice to the first plumber who settled in Cleveland and followed that business until he joined the force of the Hartford company.

FRANK F. GRAVES

Frank Fay Graves died at San Gabriel, Cal., January 3, 1914. Mr. Graves was born in Richfield, Summit county, Ohio, February 3, 1854, and was the eleventh of a family of twelve children, only one of whom now survives, Mrs. M. A. Shall of Ocean-side, Cal.

His father was Frederick Harmon Graves and mother, Laura Emma Churchill, both families of the earliest New England settlement of this country.

Mr. Graves is survived by his wife, who before her marriage was Laura S. Boyce, of Sandusky, Ohio.

He was the pioneer in the independent telephone movement which began in 1901, when he built the Home Telephone plant in Toledo, Ohio, and later obtained a franchise and built the Los Angeles Home Telephone Company's plant, followed by others throughout southern California.

Mr. Graves was a Mason, a Shriner and member of the San Gabriel Country club and the Early Settlers' Association.

He was a man of boundless energy which knew no rest, and of exceptional personal magnetism. His most marked characteristic was his unflinching devotion to his friends of whom he left a host throughout the country.

LIBERTY E. HOLDEN

Liberty Emery Holden was born in Raymond, Me., June 20, 1833. He graduated from the University of Michigan as A. B. in 1858 and A. M. in 1861. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was professor of rhetoric and English literature in Kalamazoo college, Michigan, from 1858 to 1861. In 1862 he moved to East Cleveland. The foundation for his fortune was made in real estate in this city. He became heavily interested in mines in Utah and was actively engaged in their development until 1893. He was president of the Hollenden Hotel Co. and the Plain Dealer Publishing Co., and was interested in a number of banks and land companies. He was trustee of the Western Reserve university, a former trustee of the First Unitarian church, chairman of the building committee of the Cleveland Museum of Art for several years. He was a member of The Early Settlers' Association and the New England Society of the Western Reserve and of several social clubs of this and other cities, was at one time president of the Union club and for several years was mayor of Bratenahl.

He died at his residence in Mentor, Ohio, August 26, 1913.

DR. GAIUS J. JONES

Dr. Gaius J. Jones died February 8, 1914, at his home, 2031 East 96th street, after a lingering illness.

Dr. Jones was born on a farm near Remsen, Oneida county, New York, Feb. 27, 1843. His father, Jonathan Jones, and his mother, Elizabeth Roberts, were of Welsh stock.

He attended a select school in Remsen, N. Y., and then an academy at Prospect, N. Y.

In March, 1861, he enlisted in Co. F. Fourteenth Regiment New York volunteers, but an attack of typhoid fever forced him to retire from the army in 1862.

After recovering his health he attended the Homeopathic

Hospital college of Cleveland and in March, 1865, began the practice of medicine in Liverpool, Medina county, Ohio.

In July, 1866, he married Miss Emma Wilmot of Liverpool. In 1872 he became lecturer on anatomy at the Homeopathic Hospital college.

In 1878 he was promoted to the professorship of theory and practice of medicine.

He was dean of the Cleveland Medical college from 1890 to 1897, and a member of the American Institute of Homeopathy since 1873.

He was the father of five children, Dr. Frank G. Jones of Cleveland, George W. Jones, who died in 1906, a daughter, who is the wife of C. O. Davis of Detroit, Mich.; another daughter who is the wife of M. W. Lawrence, and a third daughter, Clara, who is living in Chagrin Falls, O.

Dr. Jones was a member of the Early Settlers' Association, the G. A. R. and Masonic order.

MARY S. JUDKINS

Mary S. Judkins was born in New York City, March 12, 1816, and died June 7, 1913, in Cleveland, O.

She came to Cleveland in 1840, and in 1844 was united in marriage to George B. Judkins who was born in England, Jan. 10, 1809, and came to Cleveland in 1833. He was identified with the early business interests of the city, but passed away May 14, 1878.

Four children were born of this union: William H., George F., Emilie L. (now Mrs. Petty) and Martha J. The three latter are living and residents of Cleveland.

There are also five grandchildren and six great grandchildren living.

Her lovable character and high ideals of life made and retained for her many friends.

She had long been a member of the Early Settlers' Association and was a faithful attendant at the yearly meetings, being present at the meeting, September, 1911, for the last time.

The interment was in the family lot in Woodland Cemetery.

FRANKLIN A. JUDSON

Franklin A. Judson, second son of Isaac and Susan Cowles Judson, was born at Woodbury, Conn., March 21, 1830. At the age of seven he moved to Wakeman, Ohio, with his parents, traveling by an ox team. A few years later the family moved to Cleveland, and it was there and its suburbs that he spent the remainder of his life, living at his late residence almost forty years.

He took an active part in public affairs. Was trustee of Warrensville township for several terms, also served on the school board a number of years. Was interested in all things that would better the community in which he lived. Was a member of Mars Hill M. E. church. He died May 1, 1912, leaving a widow, five sons and three daughters.

LUCIUS F. MELLEN

Lucius F. Mellen was a native of Prescott, Hampshire county, Mass. His mother was Esther Wing (Esther 8, Isaiah 7, John 6, John 5, Ananias 4, John 3, Rev. John 2, Matthew 1.)

Mrs. Mellen before her marriage was a school teacher and died when her only son Lucius, was ten months old. He lived with his grandfather, Mellen, until he went to Northampton to clerk in a store, where he remained until he came to Cleveland in 1852 and engaged in the boot and shoe business.

Mr. Mellen was Secretary and Treasurer of the Freedman's Aid Society of Ohio, during the war. In 1867 he was one of the American Commissioners to the Paris Exposition and in 1873 was appointed commissioner to the World's Fair in Vienna. Was superintendent of the Cleveland City Infirmary for twelve years.

He was one of the founders of the New England Society of the Western Reserve in 1855, and at the time of his death was Secretary of the Early Settlers' Association.

He died Jan. 30th, 1913, and is survived by his widow, Mrs. Nellie F. Mellen, a daughter, Mrs. W. M. Palmer, of Cleveland, and a son, Louis A. Mellen, of Kansas City, Mo.

BENJAMIN F. MORSE

Benjamin Franklin Morse, son of John Flavel and Mary Granger Morse, was born at Kirtland, Lake county, Ohio, June 7, 1829, and died at his residence, No. 18 Roxford Road, East Cleveland, February 16th, 1914.

He was married December 29, 1855, to Mathilda Craft and was the father of five children, viz: Charles C. Morse, Emma E. Morse, John F. Morse, Mary E. Morse and Allen C. Morse. He was an architect and civil engineer and for a number of years was agent in charge of the United States Custom House, Post Office and Marine Hospital in Cleveland and was architect and superintendent for the rebuilding of the State Hospital at Newburgh.

Mr. Morse was a member of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, the American Society of Civil Engineers, the Cleveland Engineering Society, the Early Settlers' Association, and the Masonic fraternity.

COL. WILLIAM T. SELLER

Col. William T. Seller was born in Tiverton, England, and came to Cleveland in 1850. He died December 26, 1912.

Soon after coming to Cleveland he was connected with the L. S. & M. S. R. R. Co., as local cartage agent and as such received the first shipment of freight ever sent over the Lake Shore road from Buffalo to Cleveland.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and will be remembered by his many friends for his kindness, geniality and ready wit.

He is survived by two daughters and three grandchildren.

JOHN PALMER

John Palmer was born in Devon, England, May 6, 1820, and died at Chagrin Falls, May 25th, 1912. He came to Cleveland in 1845 and in 1847 settled on the old Spangler farm, which extended from Euclid avenue North along E. 79th street, (East Madison avenue) to Hough avenue.

In 1847, he planted the maple tree which stands in the middle of the walk near the corner of Euclid avenue and E. 79th street.

Euclid avenue then was a winding country road. When it was straightened it was found that the tree was in the middle of the walk. Petitions of property owners saved the maple and the walk was laid around it.

Mr. Palmer built the first oil tank for Rockefeller & Flagler when the Broadway Hill plant was started. He retired from active business twenty-five years ago and bought a farm at Warrensville where he has since resided.

Three sons and a daughter survive him, John F., Richard L., Charles B., and Mrs. J. B. LaRoe. Nine grandchildren and eight great grandchildren also survive.

He was buried May 27th, 1912, in Highland Park Cemetery.

CAPT. ISRAEL E. MYRICK

Captain Israel E. Myrick was born at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., March 4, 1832, and was brought to Cleveland when a baby.

After serving many years as captain of various lake boats, he was appointed Harbor Master of Cleveland, which office he held for fifteen years.

He was a member of the Early Settlers' Association and of the Veteran Volunteer Firemen's Association.

His widow, Catherine E. Myrick, survives him.

HENRY C. RANNEY

Henry Clay Ranney died October 9, 1913, at his summer home "Glenhurst," Lake Shore Boulevard, Bratenahl. He was born in Freedom, Portage county, Ohio, June 1st, 1829. His father was Elijah W. Ranney, brother of Judge Rufus P. Ranney of the Ohio Supreme Court. He read law in Judge Ranney's office and was admitted to the bar of Ohio in 1852. In 1872 he removed to Cleveland and practiced in connection with Judge Ranney and his son, John R. Ranney.

Mr. Ranney married Miss Helen A. Burgess of Ravenna, Ohio, in 1853. Seven children were born to them of whom three daughters survive, viz: Mrs. Horace B. Corner, Mrs. Frederick T. Sholes and Mrs. Secord H. Large, of Cleveland.

Mr. Ranney served in the Army of the Potomac and received honorable mention for valor at the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

He was a vestryman of St. Paul's Episcopal church, a Mason, a member of the G. A. R., Loyal Legion, and Society of the Army of the Potomac. Also of the Chamber of Commerce, the Bar Association, various social clubs and the Early Settlers' Association.

SOPHIA L. B. McCROSKY

Mrs. Sophia Lord Barber McCrosky, who died at Alexandria, Egypt, while on her way to the Holy Land, was the daughter of E. L. and Jerusha T. Sargent Barber, residents of the South Side in the days when that part of the city was made up of farms, orchards and groves. She first attended the district school, then Miss Gulliford's School for young ladies, and finally the Wesleyan College at Cincinnati, from which she graduated. She married Mr. James McCrosky, a merchant, of Rushville, Ill., and there spent her early married life.

Later, they came to East Cleveland, where they had a beautiful home, and where Mr. McCrosky died.

Mrs. McCrosky was a public spirited woman, active in the various philanthropic and reformatory movements. She was a member of the W. C. T. U., the Health Protective Association, the Woman's Club, D. A. R., and other women's clubs. She was an enthusiastic Chautauquan, a graduate of one of the first classes, and every summer was a welcome visitor at the Institution at Chautauqua, N. Y.

For fifteen years, Mr. and Mrs. McCrosky spent their winters in their winter home at Ft. Myers, Fla. She always had a desire to visit the Holy Land, but passed away while near its border, March 21st, 1913. Her funeral was held at the family home at East Cleveland, the Rev. H. S. Brown of Chicago, Ill., an old friend of the family, preached the discourse, the interment being at Riverside in the Barber family lot.

Mrs. McCrosky is survived by a son, Mr. Fred McCrosky, of California; two cousins, Mr. Will Sergeant of Cincinnati, and Miss S. Selden of Cleveland, also a nephew and two nieces, Mr. Edd. L. Barber, of Toledo, O., Miss Addie L. Barber of Detroit, and Mrs. Alice B. Beckley, of Cleveland.

SARAH H. WINCH

Sarah H. Winch, widow of Thomas Winch, died at the residence of her son, Judge Louis H. Winch, 9907 Lake avenue, Cleveland, December 2, 1913, aged 89 years, 7 months and 15 days.

Mrs. Winch was born at Ellisburgh, Jefferson county, New York, April 17, 1824. Her maiden name was Sarah Hall Allen and she came to Cleveland to visit her brother, William F. Allen, the first president of the Cleveland Board of Trade, predecessor of the Chamber of Commerce, in 1842.

In Cleveland she met Thomas Winch, a bachelor of thirty-six, who settled in Cleveland in 1831, and to him she was married, residing in Cleveland continuously thereafter until her death, with the exception of a few years, just before the war, spent in Clinton county, Wisconsin.

She was the mother of six children, all boys, four of whom lived to be men, Thomas Garfield Winch, dying in 1879, an Ensign in the Navy, having been appointed to the Naval Academy in 1872.

Three sons survive, Louis H. Winch, of this city, Allen Winch, of Chicago and William F. Winch, of Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. Winch was a member of the Congregational church, and the Dorcas Aid Society. During the last ten years of her life she was an invalid. Her cheerfulness, kindliness, and charitable ways endeared her to all who knew her.

J. G. W. COWLES

John G. W. Cowles died at San Diego, Cal., June 17, 1914, aged 79 years.

Mr. Cowles was educated for the ministry at Oberlin College and preached several years before coming to Cleveland in 1871 to assume the editorship of the Cleveland Leader.

In 1873 he went into the real estate business and eventually became the owner of large real estate interests in Cleveland and vicinity. For many years he was the personal agent for Mr. John D. Rockefeller in his local real estate transactions.

In the course of his business career, he was president of the Chamber of Commerce, City Park Board, president of the Society for Crippled Children, president of the Western Reserve Chapter Sons of the American Revolution, president of the Cleveland Trust Co., charter member of The Cleveland Real Estate Board and member of the Union and University Clubs.

Mr. Cowles was twice married. His first wife died many years ago. Two children by that union, Mrs. John Doan and Miss Mary F. Cowles, survive. Mrs. Beatrice W. Cowles and her daughter, Beatrice Jeanette, also survive.

AUGUSTUS L. MOSES

Augustus Leverett Moses, son of Charles and Polly Akins Moses, was born in Euclid township, Sept. 29, 1844, and died at his residence No. 2042 E. 107th St., Cleveland, Ohio, January 29th, 1914. He was married July 4, 1868, to Mary E. Dille, by whom he had one son, Louis A. Moses, who survives him.

For many years he was engaged in the real estate and lumber business and was a director in various business organizations, but had retired from all at the time of his death.

He was very fond of hunting and fishing and was one of the organizers of The Castalia Fishing Club.

SAMUEL S. GARDNER

Samuel S. Gardner was born in Cleveland, Dec. 19, 1840, and died May 16, 1913, at his residence, 2046 E. 88th St., Cleveland.

He was a son of James and Griselda Caroline Porter Gardner, and was married Nov. 13, 1872, to Harriet Frances Sniffen, by whom he had two sons, Guy Stewart Gardner and Ralph Elliot Gardner, who survive him.

He was educated in the public schools of Cleveland and for nearly 50 years was inspector of grain for the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce, and at one time was Treasurer of the Board of Trade.

In early life Mr. Gardner lived on St. Clair Avenue near Ontario Street.

He was passionately fond of hunting and for many years was out with his dog and gun whenever possible.

He was at all times a courteous "old-time" gentleman, extremely fond of children and greatly beloved by them.

His ancestry dates back through the Yale and Tracy families to before the Norman conquest.

CORNELIUS A. FISH

Cornelius A. Fish, son of Bethuel and Lucy Fish, was born in Brooklyn township, Cuyahoga county, April 18, 1844. He died March 24, 1913, at his home, 1789 E. 89th St., Cleveland.

He was a civil war veteran and member of Company G. Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

For 31 years he was Treasurer of Riverside Council, Royal Arcanum.

Mr. Fish was appointed bailiff of the United States Court for the Northern District of Ohio in 1900, and served 13 years. The late Robert W. Tayler, Judge of the Court, said of him: "Mr. Fish is one of the best bailiffs that ever officiated in a court room. He knows intuitively what to do and does it at the right time."

His widow, Mrs. Ella C. Fish, nee Oviatt, a brother, Benjamin R. Fish, of Seattle, Washington, and two grandchildren survive him.

ELIZABETH A. DUNN

Elizabeth A. Dunn, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Hayward Downs, was born in Utica, New York, in 1828, came to Cleveland in 1830, and died at her residence, 2418 E. 66th St., Cleveland, February 8th, 1914.

She was married in 1847 to Joseph Dunn, by whom she had three children, Emily, Theodore and Albert J., the two latter surviving her.

Mrs. Dunn was active in Relief Corps work during the Civil War and greatly interested in charitable work since that time. She was Chaplain of Memorial Relief Corps for several years and was one of the founders of the Woodland Avenue M. E. Church.

FREDERICK C. LAUSER

Frederick C. Lauser was born November 6, 1835, at Nuremberg, Germany. When seven years of age he came with his mother and brother to America. The family first settled on a farm at Euclid, but the following year moved to Cleveland.

At that time Erie Street (E. 9th Street) was the easterly city limits.

Mr. Lauser's first employment after leaving Rockwell School was with the "Wachter am Erie," at the princely salary of seventy-five cents per week. Afterwards, he went to work on the old "Cleveland Herald" and there helped to print the first morning Herald that was published.

In 1872 he was appointed a patrolman on the Cleveland police force, where he served faithfully and well for twenty-five years, retiring on a pension in 1897.

He was a member of the Veteran Volunteer Fireman's Association, Cleveland Chapter R. A. M., Washington Lodge K. of P. and Knights of Malta.

In 1874 he was married to Miss Catherine Meyer, who survives him.

He died February 23, 1913, respected and beloved by all who knew him.

EMELINE R. BOLTON

Emeline Russell Bolton, daughter of Alanson and Nancy Caulkins Russell, was born in Watertown, New York, Feb. 28, 1822, and came to Cleveland in 1833. She was married December 1, 1846, to Judge Thomas Bolton, one of the pioneer lawyers of Cleveland. She died March 22, 1914, leaving two sons, George Russell Bolton and Charles Chester Bolton, surviving.

HONORARY MEMBERS

- Carran, Robert—Born on the Isle of Man, 1812; came to Reserve 1836; residence, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Garfield, Mrs. Lucretia R.—Widow of the late President Garfield; born on the Reserve in 1832; residence, Mentor, Ohio.
- Horton, Dr. Wm. Perry—Born in Vermont, 1833.
- Akers, Hon. William J.—Born in England, 1845.
- Jones, Rev. John D.—Born in Cleveland, 1845; chaplain of "The Floating Bethel."
- Kennedy, James Harrison—Born in Trumbull County, Ohio, January 17, 1841; residence, New York City.
- Lawton, Mrs. Laura S.—Born in Cleveland, O., 1841; daughter of Gen. David L. Wood; residence, New York City.
- Hall, Reuben—Born in Ohio in 1827; residence Dover Center, Ohio.
- Randall, Emelius O.—Born in 1850, in Richfield, Summit County, Ohio; residence, Columbus, Ohio.
- Rockefeller, John D.—Born, 1839; came to Reserve, 1852; residence, Tarrytown, New York.
- Wickham, Mrs. Gertrude Van Rennselaer—Born at Huron, O., March 18, 1844; came to Cleveland in 1846; residence, Cleveland, Ohio.

List of Members of the Association

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Ackley, John M. ✓	R. F. D. 1, Brooklyn Sta., O.	1835
Adams, George H.	2149 E. 19th St., Cleveland, O.	1840
Adams, Joseph J.	1910 E. 84th St., Cleveland, O.	1840
Adams, John F.	13489 Euclid Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1842
Adams, Ruth Augusta	1910 E. 84th St., Cleveland, O.	1857
Adams, Seymour F.	13714 Euclid Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1867
Akers, John M.	8018 Hough Ave., Cleveland, O.	1850
Akers, Wm. J. ✓	Forest City House, Cleveland, O.	1847
Aldrich, Wm. W.	North Dover, O.	1841
Alexander, John Clark	1850 E. 90th St., Cleveland, O.	1841
Andrews, Andrew	7209 Detroit Ave., Cleveland, O.	1853
Arter, F. A. ✓	8522 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1866
Arter, Sherman ✓	1110 Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1867
Asplin, J. H.	Rose Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1857
Ashbury, Mrs. J. W.	1834 W. 45th St., Cleveland, O.	1859
Austin, Samuel	Noble Road, E. Cleveland, O.	1872
Avery, Chas. Luther	Lake Road, Euclid, Ohio	1856
Avery, Rev. Fred'k. B.	14184 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1856
Avery, Wm. H.	Brecksville, O.	1845
Babcock, Mrs. P. H.	Hudson, O.	1841
Baehr, Hon. Herman C. ✓	4414 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, O.	1866
Baily, Dr. Robert	1542 E. 55th St., Cleveland, O.	1849
Baker, Elbert H.	Gates Mills, Ohio	1865
Balkwill, P. S.	2057 E. 83rd St., Cleveland, O.	1854
Bartlett, Chas. O.	Brecksville, O.	1853
Bartlett, Emma R.	Brecksville, O.	1851
Bassett, C. O.	care Forman-Bassett Co., Cleveland	1851
Batchelder, John P.	7919 Lake Ave., Cleveland, O.	1840
Beckley, Alice B.	2806 Clinton Ave., Cleveland, O.	1861
Bedford, L. E.	Strongsville, O.	1860
Belt, Dr. John H.	2510 E. 55th St., Cleveland, O.	1871

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Bennett, Wm. J.	301 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1859
Benjamin, John A.	4703 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.	1836
Benton, Eliza E.	2845 Scarborough Rd., Cleve. Hts., O.	
Biggar, Dr. H. F.	Kingmore Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1864
Birrer, Elizabeth C.	10716 Grantwood Ave., Cleveland, O.	1851
Black, Col. Louis	2333 E. 40th St., Cleveland, O.	1854
Bolton, Chas. Chester	704 Hickox Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1855
Bosworth, Newton C.	5603 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1850
Bower, Buckland P.	612 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1855
Bower, Mrs. E. A.	612 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1840
Bowler, Walter N.	3334 Lakeside Ave., Cleveland, O.	1849
Bowler, Wm. L.	1923 E. 81st St., Cleveland, O.	1847
Bowler, Mrs. Wm. L.	1923 E. 81st St., Cleveland, O.	1847
Bowman, I. T.	1923 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1859
Brack, Mrs. Elizabeth	721 Eddy Rd., Cleveland, O.	1857
Bradley, M. A.	7209 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1859
Brainard, Mrs. M. L.	9400 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1831
Bramley, M. F.	Lake Avenue, Cleveland, O.	1868
Brayton, H. G.	2085 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1847
Brett, W. H. ✓	Public Library, Cleveland, O.	1871
Brinsmade, Charlotte C.	Mallet Creek, Ohio	1838
Brittan, Stephen H.	Peninsula, Ohio, R. F. D.	1857
Brooks, Henry M.	1932 E. 89th St., Cleveland, O.	1844
Brooks, Oliver K.	1940 E. 49th St., Cleveland, O.	1845
Brooks, Stephen E.	715 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.	1850
Brooks, Thos. H.	4312 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1847
Brush, Chas. Francis	3725 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1849
Buchan, Mary Davis	2035 Adelbert Road, Cleveland, O.	1863
Buckingham, Peter	7012 Gertrude Ave., Cleveland, O.	1872
Buckley, Hugh, Jr.	10214 Clifton Rd., Cleveland, O.	1845
Buell, Mrs. Anna M.	Painesville, O.	1837
Buhrer, Margaret P.	4606 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, O.	1870
Burgess, J. M.	Solon, Ohio	1833
Burk, Mrs. Mary	7805 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, O.	1852
Burke, Rachel C.	2036 E. 77th St., Cleveland, O.	1823
Butler, Andrew A.	Brecksville, O.	1836

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Cahoon, Mrs. T. H.	5217 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, O.	1861
Camp, Miss Mary E.	7606 Guthrie Ave., Cleveland, O.	1836
Canfield, Geo. R.	3328 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1857
Canfield, Mary A.	11864 Clifton Blvd., Lakewood, O.	1851
Cannell, Eli W.	4129 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1844
Cannon, James C.	1235 Warren Rd., Lakewood, O.	1841
Carran, Chas. H. ✓	2292 E. 100th St., Cleveland, O.	1860
Carran, L. C.	1963 E. 73rd St., Cleveland, O.	1851
Carran, Robert	Clifton Blvd., Lakewood, O.	1836
Carruth, Louis	11308 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1872
Cathcart, W. H. ✓	care Burrows Bros., Cleveland, O.	1865
Challacombe, Minnie	3110 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O.	1846
Chamberlain, F. A.	Warrensville, O.	1842
Chandler, Ann	10607 Hathaway Ave., Cleveland, O.	1845
Chandler, F. M. ✓	1827 E. 97th St., Cleveland, O.	1851
Chandler, Geo. L.	706 Columbia Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1872
Chandler, Geo. N.	Overlook Rd., Cleve. Hts., O.	1866
Chandler, Richard G.	10607 Hathaway Ave., Cleveland, O.	1860
Chapman, C. A.	56 Prospect Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1868
Chapman, Hon. H. B. ✓	1375 Euclid Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1864
Chard, Wm. P. ✓	1803 E. 25th St., Cleveland, O.	1849
Chase, Chas. W. ✓	2612 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1846
Chase, Mrs. Chas. W.	2612 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1850
Chapek, Joseph V. ✓	Wick Block, Cleveland, O.	1854
Christian, David E.	1246 Bell Ave., Lakewood, O.	1845
Christian, Geo. B.	9501 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1850
Clark, H. N.	Bedford, Ohio.	1827
Coates, Wm. R.	3304 Archwood Ave., Cleveland, O.	1851
Cobb, Lester A.	6211 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1850
Coe, Antoinette B.	1968 E. 70th St., Cleveland, O.	1835
Cogswell, Helen M.	1845 E. 65th St., Cleveland, O.	1832
Colson, N. J.	Brecksville, O.	1841
Cooley, Clara E.	North Dover, Ohio	1861
Cooley, Geo. L.	North Dover, Ohio	1862
Corner, Horace B.	1895 E. 105th St., Cleveland, O.	1857
Cozad, Newell S.	2043 Cornell Rd., Cleveland, O.	1830

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Crane, Arthur E.	1716 E. 115th St., Cleveland, O.	1871
✓Cunnea, Mrs. Estelle G.	13272 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1855
Currier, Miss Charlotte	14093 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1845
Curtiss, J. M. ✓	3074 W. 14th St., Cleveland, O.	1840
Curtiss, Lucia M. S.	2443 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1853
Dall, Andrew	1276 W. 3rd St., Cleveland, O.	1852
Dawley, Jay P. ✓	1854 E. 70th St., Cleveland, O.	1846
Davies, H. J.	28 Grove Ave., Lakewood, O.	1863
Dean, Mrs. Amantha C.	4077 E. 82nd St., Cleveland, O.	1838
Dean, F. J.	Rocky River, O.	1836
✓Dellenbaugh, Hon. F. E.	431 W'mson Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1856
✓Denison, L. T.	9210 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, O.	1843
DeWeese, Mrs. Mary A.	2516 E. 55th St., Cleveland, O.	1836
DeWitt, Mary G.	2494 E. 84th St., Cleveland, O.	1839
Dille, Wallace W.	10531 Garfield Ave., Cleveland, O.	1838
Dodge, L. Dudley	2043 E. 83rd St., Cleveland, O.	1864
Dodge, Samuel D.	509 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1855
Doolittle, C. E.	10926 Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, O.	1861
Drake, John M.	2028 E. 82nd St., Cleveland, O.	1856
Dreher, Oscar	1699 E. 82nd St., Cleveland, O.	1860
Duncan, Albert R., Jr.	2337 E. 55th St., Cleveland, O.	1869
Dunn, A. J.	2416 E. 66th St., Cleveland, O.	1872
Dutton, Dr. Chas. F.	4816 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, O.	1834
Duty, Charlotte M.	McGregor Home, E. Cleveland, O.	1838
Eberhard, A. B.	Lock Box 163, Elyria, Ohio	1867
Elliott, Reuben T.	North Olmsted, Ohio	1834
Ellsworth, Ralph H.	1446 Cohasset Ave., Lakewood, O.	1871
Edwards, Harry R.	c/o Wm. Edwards Co., Cleveland, O.	1861
✓Ennis, Chas. A.	Bedford, Ohio	1840
Evans, David L.	10926 Pasadena Ave., Cleveland, O.	1858
Excell, J. W.	2181 E. 87th St., Cleveland, O.	1842
Excell, M. B.	2181 E. 87th St., Cleveland, O.	1872
✓Farley, Hon. John H.	3507 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1845
Fawcett, Robert	3894 W. 33rd St., Cleveland, O.	1862
Firth, Samuel J.	11500 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1867
Fish, Abel	4217 Jennings Rd., Cleveland, O.	1832

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Fish, Mrs. Abel	4217 Jennings Rd., Cleveland, O.	1836
Fish, Eben	4256 Jennings Rd., Cleveland, O.	1836
Fish, Leonard	4245 Jennings Rd., Cleveland, O.	1834
Fish, Lorenzo B.	1820 Holmden Ave., Cleveland, O.	1832
Fish, O. J.	3508 Denison Ave., Cleveland, O.	1868
Fishell, Mary E.	1577 Elmwood Ave., Lakewood, O.	1860
Flick, J. J.	2181 E. 89th St., Cleveland, O.	1843
Foran, Hon. Martin A.	New Court House, Cleveland, O.	1868
Forbey, William E.	9309 Hough Ave., Cleveland, O.	1852
Ford, Mrs. Martha C.	11025 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1825
Ford, H. Clark	917 W'mson Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1853
Forman, Jonathan C.	11218 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1831
Foster, George	1412 Denison Ave., Cleveland, O.	1845
Foster, Leonard G.	3007 Archwood Ave., Cleveland, O.	1840
Foster, Mrs. L. G.	3007 Archwood Ave., Cleveland, O.	1845
Foster, Mrs. H. L.	7606 Guthrie Ave., Cleveland, O.	1876
Fowler, Arthur Eugene	Euclid Heights, Ohio	1834
Foster, Mrs. J. R.	10403 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1872
Fowler, Edwin	5033 Broadway, Cleveland, O.	1835
Frazee, Col. John N.	1810 E. 19th St., Cleveland, O.	1851
French, John	13703 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, O.	1841
Fuller, Mrs. Lydia	7412 Dellenbaugh Ave., Cleveland, O.	1845
Gallagher, Farrell	1298 W. 76th St., Cleveland, O.	1849
Geddes, James D.	1412 E. 84th St., Cleveland, O.	1833
Geer, Thos. H.	Guardian Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1866
Gehring, F. W.	423 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1851
Gerould, Julia Clapp	1912 E. 107th St., Cleveland, O.	1843
Gibbons, Col. John W.	1924 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1844
Gibbons, Anthony Wm.	1712 E. 9th St., Cleveland, O.	1847
Gloyd, Geo. M.	1920 E. 84th St., Cleveland, O.	1846
Goldwood, Frank E.	Everett, O., R. F. D.	1857
Goulder, Harvey D.	7023 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1853
Goulder, Chas.	1267 E. 111th St., Cleveland, O.	1847
Goulder, Robert F.	1751 E. 89th St., Cleveland, O.	1849
Green, Mrs. Hannah J.	1380 Addison Rd., Cleveland, O.	1846
Greenlese, Louis H.	3403 Woodbine Ave., Cleveland, O.	1859

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Groff, Henry R.	2072 E. 46th St., Cleveland, O.	1833
✓ Hadden, Alexander	Euclid, Ohio	1859
Hall, Ziba S.	N. Doan St., Cleveland, O.	1830
Hall, Mrs. Ziba S.	N. Doan St., Cleveland, O.	1835
Hadlow, John	2752 W. 14th St., Cleveland, O.	1839
Hale, E. V.	4307 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1869
Hall, Reuben	Dover Center, O.	1827
Hall, Mrs. Matilda	Dover Center, O.	1829
Hall, Mrs. M. E.	2215 W. 33rd St., Cleveland, O.	1848
Halsey, Mrs. Chas.	1520 Newman Ave., Lakewood, O.	1841
Hammond, Mary J.	831 E. 157th St., Collinwood, O.	1857
Handerson, Harriet F.	2099 E. 36th St., Cleveland, O.	1834
Handerson, Dr. H. E.	1924 E. 66th St., Cleveland, O.	1837
Harris, Byron C.	13410 Lake Ave., Lakewood, O.	1832
Harris, Frank R.	9 Rosalind Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1860
Hart, Arthur W.	Fremont, Ohio	1866
Haserot, S. F.	1972 Ford Drive, Cleveland, O.	1860
Hawley, David R.	85 Rosemont Rd., E. Cleveland, O.	1846
Hays, Joseph	11224 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1856
Hays, Kaufman	1886 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1852
Hazen, F. M.	5607 Utica Ave., Cleveland, O.	1847
Heller, Israel B.	703 Bolivar Rd., Cleveland, O.	1842
Henderson, Geo. D.	2495 E. 63rd St., Cleveland, O.	1866
Henderson, Miss Jane	1764 W. 54th St., Cleveland, O.	1876
✓ Henderson, John M.	Taylor Rd., E. Cleveland, O.	1864
Henry, John C.	2065 E. 79th St., Cleveland, O.	1858
✓ Herrick, Ex-Gov. M. T.	Euclid Heights, O.	1855
Hickox, Frank F.	Hickox Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1844
Hinsdale, Geo. D.	10805 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.	1855
Hintzelman, Dr. C.	1908 W. 44th St., Cleveland, O.	1871
Hobbs, Mrs. Mary M.	2452 Kenilworth Rd., Cleveland, O.	1872
Hord, A. C.	7404 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1872
Hord, Mrs. A. C.	7404 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1855
✓ Horton, Dr. Wm. P.	17 Windemere St., E. Cleveland, O.	1844
✓ Howe, Wm. A.	2102 Abington Rd., Cleveland, O.	1839
Howe, Mrs. Rachel	2102 Abington Rd., Cleveland, O.	1844

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Hower, Mrs. Clara H.	2188 E. 97th St., Cleveland, O.	1851
Hubbell, Orrin J.	Bedford, Ohio	1845
Hughes, Dr. F. M.	West Richfield, Ohio	1854
Humphrey, Ernest J.	Peninsula, Ohio, R. F. D. 14	1858
Humphrey, John O.	13509 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, O.	1852
Humphrey, Mrs. Elizabeth	2818 Carroll Ave., Cleveland, O.	1848
Humphrey, Fred R.	1333 Lakeland Ave., Lakewood, O.	1852
Humphrey, Truman	Peninsula, Ohio, R. F. D.	1849
Hunt, James T.	5901 Whittier Ave., Cleveland, O.	1873
Hunt, Mrs. Mary Rice	1926 E. 89th St., Cleveland, O.	1865
Hude, Averill L.	11209 Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, O.	1862
Ingersoll, Alvin F.	Union Nat'l Bank Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1859
Ingham, Albert	4374 Jennings Rd., Cleveland, O.	1844
Ingham, Mary B.	Los Angeles, Cal.	1846
Jackson, Joseph L.	3346 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1872
Janke, Rudolph S.	6013 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, O.	1852
Jaster, John	c/o State Bkg. & Trust Co., Cleveland	1852
Jenkins, Mrs. Louisa E.	9709 Miles Ave., Cleveland, O.	1838
Jennings, John G.	2346 W. 14th St., Cleveland, O.	1856
Johnson, Geo. J.	4120 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1844
Johnson, Homer H.	1000 Am. Trust Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1862
Jones, Albert G.	2173 E. 105th St., Cleveland, O.	1841
Jones, Rev. John D.	1565 E. 84th St., Cleveland, O.	1845
Jones, Mrs. J. D.	1565 E. 84th St., Cleveland, O.	1871
Jones, Mary E.	2173 E. 105th St., Cleveland, O.	1846
Judd, Fred'k. W.	9400 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1847
Judkins, Martha J.	1240 E. 111th St., Cleveland, O.	1851
Judkins, Geo. F.	2484 E. 83rd St., Cleveland, O.	1847
Kappler, Gustav E.	2070 E. 83rd St., Cleveland, O.	1858
Kappler, Wm. A.	626 Columbia Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1856
Kees, Wm. H.	3117 W. 14th St., Cleveland, O.	1866
Keppler, Fred W.	1952 E. 84th St., Cleveland, O.	1846
Kerns, Theodore I.	3792 W. 25th St., Cleveland, O.	1857
Kerruish, Wm. S.	3812 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1831
Kidney, Mrs. Virginia E.	10319 Somerset Ave., Cleveland, O.	1839
Kieffer, Geo.	1439 E. 108th St., Cleveland, O.	1845

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
King, Wm. A.	57 Public Sq., Cleveland, O.	1865
King, Virginia E.	3233 Carnegie Ave., Cleveland, O.	1855
Kitchen, Mrs. Grace K.	3134 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1851
Kline, Virgil P.	Overlook Rd., Clev'd Hts.	1844
Knight, T. Spencer	1921 E. 83rd St., Cleveland, O.	1838
Koeppel, W. Regina	9005 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, O.	1859
Knowlton, Dr. W. A.	3040 W. 14th St., Cleveland, O.	1839
Lander, Marcellus A.	2235 E. 97th St., Cleveland, O.	1842
Landreth, Albert R.	1332 W. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1843
Lane, Chas. D.	2180 E. 85th St., Cleveland, O.	1837
Lee, Mrs. Rhoda C.	The St. Regis, Cleveland, O.	1834
Leigh, Wm.	3414 Wade Ave., Cleveland, O.	1862
Lewis, Geo. W.	1815 E. 89th St., Cleveland, O.	1840
Libbey, E. W.	Bedford, Ohio	1838
Lockwood, C. B.	1369 W. 9th St., Cleveland, O.	1832
Loomis, Harry E.	13031 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1862
Lyman, Henry F.	The Haddam, Cleveland, Ohio	1854
McIlrath, W. A.	1286 E. 125th St., Cleveland, O.	1850
McIntosh, Geo. T.	1979 E. 79th St., Cleveland, O.	1849
McIntosh, Mrs. Geo. T.	1959 E. 79th St., Cleveland, O.	1855
McIntosh, Henry P.	7341 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1846
McKay, Capt. Geo. A.	8222 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O.	1841
McKay, Margaret A.	8222 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O.	1857
McKean, N. P.	1894 E. 97th St., Cleveland, O.	1864
McKinnie, Harry J.	2049 E. 71st St., Cleveland, O.	1855
McLauchlan, Wm.	1851 E. 82nd St., Cleveland, O.	1850
McManus, Thos. J.	1785 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1856
Mahler, Baruch	710 Electric Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1851
Mahler, Mrs. Bertha	710 Electric Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1859
Makepeace, Anna H.	1019 Starkweather, Cleveland, O.	1839
Manchester, C. T.	1428 E. 81st St., Cleveland, O.	1861
Manchester, Jennie L.	1428 E. 81st St., Cleveland, O.	1865
Mandelbaum, Jacob	919 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1851
Mandelbaum, Louis	Hollenden Hotel, Cleveland, O.	1851
Marks, Nehemiah	6911 Carnegie Ave., Cleveland, O.	1833
Martin, Frank J.	327 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.	1865

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Marvin, Judge U. L.	2052 Cornell Rd., Cleveland, O.	1839
Mason, Hiram A.	5815 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O.	1842
Mather, Samuel	2605 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1847
Mather, Wm. G.	Lake Shore Blvd., Bratenahl, O.	1854
Mathews, Maria D.	149 N. State St., Painesville, O.	1838
Meeker, L. C.	14236 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1830
Mellen, Mrs. Nellie F.	2705 Library Ave., Cleveland, O.	1840
Meyer, John	3230 W. 25th St., Cleveland, O.	1838
Mierke, Herman	1694 E. 86th St., Cleveland, O.	1860
Miller, Mrs. S. R.	9409 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O.	1843
Minor, Seth	Minor Road, Euclid Hts., O.	1832
Molyneaux, Joseph B.	1900 E. 55th St., Cleveland, O.	1854
Morgan, Clifford J.	2142 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1849
Morgan, E. N.	6407 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1847
Morgan, Geo. F.	9804 Newton Ave., Cleveland, O.	1854
Morse, Mrs. Kate E.	1806 W. 47th St., Cleveland, O.	1857
Moulton, Eliza H.	14715 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.	1832
Mulhern, Geo. O.	1943 E. 107th St., Cleveland, O.	1862
Murfey, Chas. L.	Blue Stone Rd., E. Cleveland, O.	1850
Murfey, L. A.	4208 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1855
Murphy, Cornelius D.	8628 Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, O.	1858
Meyer, Gen. Ed. S.	2075 E. 96th St., Cleveland, O.	1849
Myrick, Catherine E.	1833 E. 19th St., Cleveland, O.	1860
Nahuis, John	1573 E. 55th St., Cleveland, O.	1855
New, Harry	Edgehill Rd., Euclid Hts., O.	1866
Norton, Walter	2264 E. 87th St., Cleveland, O.	1839
Nutt, Willard L.	2410 E. 40th St., Cleveland, O.	1832
O'Brien, P. C.	2429 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1855
Obert, Mrs. Lena	9005 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, O.	1857
Olmsted, Geo. H.	412 W'mson Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1843
Oswald, Mrs. Mary J.	11407 Itasca Ave., Cleveland, O.	1847
Paine, James H.	204 Am. Trust Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1852
Palmer, Richard L.	2625 E. 76th St., Cleveland, O.	1853
Paul, Hosea	New Court House, Cleveland, O.	1845
Pears, Henry	2238 E. 49th St., Cleveland, O.	1865
Penfield, Louis W.	Willoughby, O.	1857

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Pentecost, Samuel N.	9003 Lamont Ave., Cleveland, O.	1866
Perkins, Douglas	W. 3rd & Frankfort, Cleveland, O.	1854
Petty, Emelia Judkins	1587 E. 85th St., Cleveland, O.	1849
Pierce, Mrs. S. L.	17856 Lake Ave., Lakewood, O.	1872
Pierce, Mrs. K. H.	Haddon Hall, Cleveland, O.	1858
Pope, Jane N.	7820 Decker Ave., Cleveland, O.	1839
Prall, Mrs. Sarah J.	57 Wymore Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1849
Pratt, H. H.	9710 Miles Ave., Cleveland, O.	1841
Pratt, Harry W.	3000 Lincoln Blvd., Cleveland, O.	1866
Prentiss, Willard C.	Twinsburg, Ohio	1843
Prescott, Wm.	13888 Lake Ave., Lakewood, O.	1850
Pudney, W. D.	1458 Highland Ave., Lakewood, O.	1872
Ptak, Joseph J.	4227 Archwood Ave., Cleveland, O.	1853
Raymond, Samuel A.	202 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland	1845
Rebbeck, Henry H.	2873 W. 14th St., Cleveland, O.	1853
Rhoades, O. F.	1364 W. 111th St., Cleveland, O.	1856
Rhoades, Mrs. O. F.	1364 W. 111th St., Cleveland, O.	1865
Robinson, Mrs. Martha J.	2022 Robin St., Lakewood, O.	1844
Rockefeller, John D.	26 Broadway, New York City	1852
Rockefeller, Laura S.	26 Broadway, New York City	1852
Roland, Capt. J. C.	2030 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1869
Roof, Joseph W.	c/o Wm. Edwards Co., Cleveland, O.	1841
Root, Mrs. Ralph R.	Ambler Blvd.	1844
Rose, Mrs. Wm. G.	2084 Cornell Rd., Cleveland, O.	1865
Rouse, Bradford H.	85 Rosemont Rd., E. Cleveland, O.	1848
Rowe, Wm. S.	10425 Clifton Rd., Cleveland, O.	1855
Roy, John N.	2080 E. 107th St., Cleveland, O.	1858
Rudd, Milo	1265 St. Charles Ave., Lakewood, O.	1834
Rudd, Wm. C.	13176 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1845
Russell, Geo. F.	1938 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1846
Russell, Mrs. Emma M.	8807 Birchdale Ave., Cleveland, O.	1858
Salen, Chas. P.	1420 W. 101st St., Cleveland, O.	1867
Sanborn, Horace R.	52 Page Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1854
Sanders, Wm. H.	27 Delmont Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1845
Sanderson, Fred'k M.	2105 E. 83rd St., Cleveland, O.	1870
Sargent, H. Q.	733 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1869

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Sarstedt, F. A.	3733 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1864
Savage, James B.	c/o J. B. Savage Co., Cleveland, O.	1869
Savage, Mary Tisdale	3410 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1849
Schaefer, Mrs. Christina	2208 E. 79th St., Cleveland, O.	1845
Schneider, E. H.	1508 E. 107th St., Cleveland, O.	1863
Schofield, Levi T.	1400 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1842
Scofield, Geo. F.	621 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1860
Scofield, Wm. C.	3312 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1843
Scott, Ella Meeker	Cleveland, Ohio	1861
Scott, Dr. N. Stone	2046 E. 96th St., Cleveland, O.	1865
Seither, Frank	3634 Bosworth Rd., Cleveland, O.	1848
Seither, Anna H.	3634 Bosworth Rd., Cleveland, O.	1869
Semon, Chas.	1897 E. 89th St., Cleveland, O.	1847
Severance, Solon L.	8821 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1834
Seymour, Chas. L.	14413 Lake Shore Blvd., Cleveland, O.	1863
Seymour, Ida A. W.	14413 Lake Shore Blvd., Cleveland, O.	1863
Sexton, Henry M.	2242 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1844
Shattuck, Norman A.	9719 Logan Ct., Cleveland, O.	1857
Sheldon, Ed. C.	15 Blackstone Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1852
Shepard, Wm. H.	5115 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1858
Shepard, Mrs. Wm. H.	5115 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O.	1863
Sherwin, Henry A.	3328 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1860
Sherwin, Mrs. H. A.	3328 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1843
Shipherd, Mrs. F. E.	2157 E. 40th St., Cleveland, O.	1848
Siller, Ernest J.	3005 W. 14th St., Cleveland, O.	1868
Simpson, Ernest Baker	13680 Terrace Rd., E. Cleveland, O.	1867
Simpson, J. W.	91 Knowles St., E. Cleveland, O.	1866
Simpson, Robert	5407 Train Ave., Cleveland, O.	1867
Smies, Jacob H.	2180 E. 73rd St., Cleveland, O.	1845
Smith, Benj. W.	1445 E. 91st St., Cleveland, O.	1840
Smith, Carlos A.	7913 Carnegie Ave., Cleveland, O.	1837
Smith, Dr. D. B.	315 The Arcade, Cleveland, O.	1840
Smith, Mrs. Lois B.	Cleveland, Ohio	1835
Smith, Mrs. Pard B.	2057 E. 100th St., Cleveland, O.	1832
Smithnight, Col. Louis	2212 E. 78th St., Cleveland, O.	1849
Snow, K. F.	3889 W. 33rd St., Cleveland, O.	1863

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Snow, Dr. L. B.	2184 E. 83rd St., Cleveland, O.	1846
Spangler, Geo. M.	2066 E. 77th St., Cleveland, O.	1842
Spencer, Amos B.	North Olmsted, Ohio	1839
Stair, Samuel G.	92 Wadena Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1832
Stanley, J. J.	Electric Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1863
Stearn, Abraham	240 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1847
Stegkemper, Frank H.	13039 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1854
Storer, Wm. G.	4649 Denison Ave., Cleveland, O.	1847
Strimple, Hon. T. L.	1543 E. Blvd., Cleveland, O.	1859
Sullivan, Hon. J. J.	1497 E. 108th St., Cleveland, O.	1872
Sykora, J. W.	Blackstone Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1861
Taplin, Chas. Grandy	Olmsted Falls, O.	1848
Taplin, Mrs. F. S.	1930 E. 81st St., Cleveland, O.	1850
Taylor, Daniel R.	1007 W'mson Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1838
Taylor, Henry Adams	13321 Euclid Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1864
Taylor, Virgil C.	6620 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1838
Thobaben, Florence C.	10607 Hathaway Ave., Cleveland, O.	1867
Thompson, Alfred G.	Bedford, Ohio	1845
Tilden, Mrs. Clara E.	10823 Hull Ave., Cleveland, O.	1860
Tower, Mrs. Ellen T.	1327 E. 77th St., Cleveland, O.	1844
Townsend, Mrs. Wm. J.	10700 Drexel Ave., Cleveland, O.	1866
Tucker, Chas. H.	31 Northfield Ave., E. Cleveland, O.	1852
Urban, Jacob P.	1660 E. 9th St., Cleveland, O.	1846
Van Camp, Mrs. Elijah	2109 E. 40th St., Cleveland, O.	1856
Van Zandt, E. F.	8005 Whitethorn Ave., Cleveland, O.	1880
Vaupel, C. P.	10204 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.	1852
Vickery, Hon. Willis	New Court House, Cleveland, O.	1857
Wade, A. D.	3208 E. 116th St., Cleveland, O.	1872
Wadsworth, Mrs. A. C.	1795 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1850
Wadsworth, Frank A.	1795 E. 93rd St., Cleveland, O.	1850
Wagar, Mars E.	510 Park Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1858
Wagar, Serena	14719 Detroit Ave., Cleveland, O.	1853
Wain, L. H.	1893 E. 87th St., Cleveland, O.	1863
Wallace, Simeon H.	3857 W. 33rd St., Cleveland, O.	1839
Walton, John W.	3112 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1848
Walton, William	698 E. 72nd St., Cleveland, O.	1853

Name	Post Office Address	Came to Western Reserve
Weaver, W. P.	13205 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, O.	1862
Weaver, Mrs. W. P.	13205 Detroit Ave., Lakewood, O.	1859
Webb, Mrs. Nettie A.	1961 Ford Drive, Cleveland, O.	1852
Webb, J. W. S.	1961 Ford Drive, Cleveland, O.	1854
Webster, John H.	Variety Iron & Steel Co., Cleveland	1850
Weidenkopf, Mrs. C. K.	6 Beaumont St., E. Cleveland, O.	1838
Weidenkopf, Nicholas	1807 E. 87th St., Cleveland, O.	1842
Wiener, Abraham	1017 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.	1840
Whigham, Thos. J.	San Diego, Cal.	1845
White, Thos. H.	8218 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1867
Whittem, Chas. S.	2915 Woodbridge Ave., Cleveland, O.	1857
Whitney, William W.	1264 Warren Rd., Lakewood, O.	1855
Wick, Alfred H.	10209 Fairmount, Cleve. Hts., O.	1838
Wick, Henry C.	3515 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1853
Wigman, John H.	8408 Carnegie Ave., Cleveland, O.	1845
Willard, Archibald M.	4933 Holyoke Ave., Cleveland, O.	1836
Wilcox, Frank A.	64 Hawthorne Ave., Akron, Ohio	1852
Williams, Ed. P.	2106 E. 83rd St., Cleveland, O.	1838
Williamson, Rev. Jas. D.	11205 Bellflower Rd., Cleveland, O.	1849
Wilson, Mrs. Ella Grant	13032 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.	1866
Winch, Louis Harvey	Lake Ave., Lakewood, O.	1862
Wood, Henry W. S.	1926 E. 73rd St., Cleveland, O.	1848

Please notify the Secretary of any change in Post Office Address.

Cleveland Early Marriages

1829 - 1830

Compiled from County Records by Mrs. Virginia S. Hodge

- Dec. 29, 1828 Ahimaaz Sherwin, Jr., to Sarah Marie King.
Jan. 12, 1829 Levi Richmond to Eveline Woodworth.
Nov. 28, 1828 Tarvis Sperry to Sally Jeffords.
Dec. 1, 1828 Sherlock I. Andrews to Ursula McCurdy Allen.
" 10, 1828 William Reeves to Sally Brainard.
Jan. 23, 1829 William J. Case to Laura Brainard.
" 18, 1829 William H. Turner to Sophia Comstock.
Feb. 16, 1829 Noah Holcomb to Sally M. Ball.
Mar. 4, 1829 Paul G. Burch to Emily Harvis.
" 3, 1829 Alphonso Holley to Julia Jackson.
" 19, 1829 John J. M. Jordon to Philena D. Alger.
Dec. 20, 1828 Abraham L. Rupel to Hannah Stewart.
" 31, 1828 George B. Weston to Sally Richmond.
Feb. 22, 1829 George R. Whitney to Harriet M. Bronson
" 8, 1829 Harvey Barnum to Anna Rump.
Mar. 18, 1829 Abijah S. Barnum to Saphrona Rice.
" 29, 1828 James Dingy to Sally Brush.
Feb. 11, 1829 Joshua B. Thayer to Julia Britton.
Mar. 8, 1829 Hollis Whitney to Sarah Bennet.
May 18, 1829 Charles Brown to Rebecca Warner.
" 27, 1829 James W. Pollock to Ann Werdon.
" 24, 1829 Harvey H. Brainard to Sarah Millard.
Mar. 5, 1829 Merrick Gould to Emily S. Hinckley.
June 11, 1829 Riley Hance to Mary Small.
Apr. 30, 1829 Richard Sweet to Pamela Wait.
" 11, 1829 Peter Thorp to Sally Lucas.
" 23, 1829 Caleb Alvord to Polly Jinks.
May 3, 1829 Josiah Grant to Hannah Gates.
Apr. 19, 1829 Byrun Covey to Fidelia King.
June 18, 1829 David Benjamin, Jr., to Emily P. Goodale.
Apr. 19, 1829 Russel Brott to Olive Chapman.
" 21, 1829 Lawson O. Connor to Mary Ann Bishop.
July 2, 1829 Diodate Clark to Sally Lindsley.
June 1, 1829 George Johnson to Sally Crammer.

- May 28, 1829 John Simmons to Charlotte Beckwith.
July 8, 1829 Gabriel Culver to Bezilda Cook.
June 20, 1829 John W. Willey to Laura M. Higber.
July 23, 1829 Stephen Kellogg to Betsey Eldred.
June 14, 1829 John M. Henderson to Semantha Hine.
Aug. 17, 1829 Cornelius Jones to Aurelia Jones.
" 3, 1829 John C. Post to Phebe White.
" 6, 1829 Peter Tuman to Charlotte Scott.
" 20, 1829 John S. Branch to Roxy M. Miller.
May 31, 1829 Roswell Cune to Hannah How.
Aug. 3, 1829 John Kidney to Melinda Butler.
" 9, 1829 Thomas Ferrell to Matilda Dickson.
Sept. 6, 1829 Elijah Jones to Abigail Sizer.
" 13, 1829 Silas T. Mattox to Lucinda Nutting.
Jan. 1, 1829 Joseph Craig to Lucy Craig.
Aug. 13, 1829 Daniel Jackson to Polly Willard.
Nov. 20, 1826 John Hopkinson to Betsey Shattock.
Jan. 18, 1829 John E. Adams, Jr., to Belinda Bell.
" 1, 1826 Jermiah Whelpley to Sally Randall.
Oct. 28, 1824 Benjamin Carpenter to Lena Woodworth.
Aug. 27, 1826 Luke Hulet to Lovisa Duty.
Feb. 5, 1829 Zebulon Hester to Miriam Goulden.
" 5, 1829 Lewis D. Gardner to Almira Hier.
" 12, 1829 Josiah C. Strong to Rebecca Brown.
Apr. 17, 1829 Alonzo Pangburn to Sarah Burrough.
" 12, 1829 Levi Billings to Dorcas Thayer.
Aug. 9, 1829 John Radcliff to Margaret Hewin.
Sept. 20, 1829 John Waxler to Betsey Lockard.
Oct. 1, 1829 Gideon Mathews to Matilda Mason.
Sept. 27, 1829 Samuel Brittan to Mary Billings.
" 20, 1829 John Donaldson to Roxana Norton.
Oct. 12, 1829 Robert C. Selden to Julia A. Sargent.
" 18, 1829 Robert Patrick to Patty March.
July 19, 1829 John S. Brown to Mary Dart.
" 2, 1829 Enoch Scoville to Elizabeth Scoville.
" 23, 1829 Alanson Meech to Lydia Wait.
Oct. 15, 1829 Joseph Johnson to Margaret Hampson.
Nov. 15, 1829 Odgen L. Hinckley to Julia Ross.
Oct. 4, 1829 Ariel Hanson to Sally Ward.
Nov. 5, 1829 Ely Lindley to Irene Triscott.
Nov. 5, 1829 Holley Worden to Polly Warner.
" 6, 1829 Lewis Mowrey to Olive Cooper.
" 26, 1829 Peter P. Lemanyan to Cornelia Overocker.
" 15, 1829 James Dickson to Allis Hardin.
Sept. 13, 1829 Lawton Ross to Emeline Youngs.

- Nov. 10, 1829 Seth Rupel to Jane Burs.
 " 10, 1829 Rostin Welsh to Sarah Dille.
 " 10, 1829 Joel Scranton to Irene Hickcox.
 " 15, 1829 Spencer Warner to Sarah J. Clover.
 " 16, 1829 James F. McCragen to Wealthy Pettibone.
 " 3, 1829 Eliphaht Adams to Maria Mullinex.
 Dec. 3, 1829 Samuel Stanton to Margaret Grove.
 Sept. 17, 1829 Asa Webster to Nancy Covert.
 Dec. 2, 1829 John Eldred to Desire Kellogg.
 " 31, 1829 David Chandler to Polly Johnson.
 Sept. 20, 1829 James Campbell to Lucy Ann Rooker.
 Jan. 28, 1829 Michael T. Whitney to Lydia B. Smith.
 Oct. 7, 1830 Henry Church to Eleanor Greene.
 Jan. 14, 1830 Alizis Miller to Caroline Foote.
 Nov. 3, 1829 Joseph Shanks to Jane Donaldson.
 Jan. 27, 1830 Willis Welton to Tamar H. Brittan.
 Nov. 16, 1829 William Lawrence to Eliza Pember.
 Jan. 18, 1830 Alonzo White to Harty Hathaway.
 Feb. 21, 1830 James Ross to Esther Maria Foster.
 Dec. 31, 1829 Clark Smith to Olive E. Hartson.
 Feb. 25, 1830 Samuel Pease to Octacia Ruggles.
 " 21, 1830 Ira Sawtell to Emeline Rockwell.
 " 18, 1830 Gaylord Cummings to Roby Herrington.
 " 5, 1830 Theron Woodworth to Cordelia L. Joslyn.
 Mar. 4, 1830 Harvey Cook to Emaly H. Curtis.
 Feb. 25, 1830 Noah Brainard to Clarrissa A. Ackley.
 " 3, 1830 George Bowe to Mary Stone.
 Mar. 10, 1830 John A. Smith to Sophia Matthews.
 Dec. 13, 1830 William H. Whittock to Hester Francisco.
 " 31, 1830 Valentine Guilford to Margaret Farrer.
 Jan. 31, 1830 Henry Stebbins to Dolly Dillow.
 Mar. 13, 1830 Abraham Burrell to Fanny O. Brian.
 " 10, 1830 William M. Cook to Lucinda Buell.
 Dec. 4, 1830 Warren Cole to Hepsibeth Comstock.
 Feb. 25, 1830 Thomas J. Allen to Marena Morgan.
 Apr. 10, 1830 George L. Chapman to Eliza H. Sargent.
 " 10, 1830 Daniel Rooke to Lydia Campbell.
 " 6, 1830 Charles Phinney to Rebecca Johnson.
 Mar. 31, 1830 Willard W. Walker to Ann Bliss.
 " 23, 1830 Christopher Stillwell to Adaline Archer.
 " 25, 1830 Stephen Forbes to Elvira Bates.
 June 22, 1830 Hiram Burrell to Harriet L. Hall.
 July 6, 1830 Jonathan Petts to Susan Barber.
 June 27, 1830 Levi Billings to Sophia Cody.
 June 10, 1830 Lewis Houseman to Maria Todd.

- May 1, 1830 John O. Granger to Sarah Maria Phelps.
" 3, 1830 Thomas Sayle to Jane Collister.
" 20, 1830 John Price to Nancy Sprague.
" 16, 1830 James Pettibone to Sally Johnson.
" 7, 1830 Seth Richmond to Nancy Jane Pate.
May 5, 1830 Homer Clarke to Polly Jordan.
" 30, 1830 Thomas J. Lawrence to Marinda Pool.
July 4, 1830 Thomas Colahan to Lavina S. Elwell.
May 11, 1830 Jesse B. Bean to Polly Gaige.
" 29, 1830 Asa Wheeler to Cynthia More.
July 11, 1830 William Coons to Sarah Norton.
" 7, 1830 John Orton Garret to Harriet Cam.
June 15, 1830 William G. Green to Lilphia Wait.
Aug. 16, 1830 Ithamer W. Bunnell to Margaret A. Wood.
" 16, 1830 Zacharius Eddy to Lucy Short.
Dec. 31, 1830 David Chandler to Polly Johnson.
Sept. 20, 1830 James Campbell to Lucy Ann Rooker.
Aug. 1, 1830 Alvah Smith to Mary H. Ruggles.
" 16, 1830 Nathaniel Peak to Eliza Carpenter.
July 1, 1830 Elisha Benjamin to Emely Murray.
June 27, 1830 Ruggles Emes to Charlotte Rose.

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